

Together

Never Stop Asking Questions

▶ In color: **Women of the Bible**

Drinking on Airlines: A Powwow

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families *December 1958*



DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
MADISON NEW JERSEY



Three Gifts

God gave a child:

*And in a manger lay the priceless gift of all eternity;
A sleeping babe, unheralded by rulers of a restless world, except for three
Who saw the everlasting hope of men
In a humble crib, in Bethlehem.*

God gave a star:

*And by its light displayed a path for wandering shepherd folk to see
A Savior child, unknown to millions heedless of the destiny
Of a soundless infant in repose
Lying in a stall, in swaddling clothes.*

God gave a song:

*And angel legions sang the haunting phrases of a melody
That never ends; and lifted from a tiny town's obscurity
A boy child born in a mound of hay
To give a waiting world its Christmas Day.*

—VIC JAMESON



The inspired Adoration of the Shepherds by Bartolomé Estéban Murillo has the soft, dreamlike quality that characterizes his many religious works, the best known of which is probably his great Flight into Egypt. Murillo, a Spanish painter, died in 1682.

Pioneer wood carver Lars Christensen chiseled this Nativity into one panel of an altarpiece showing major events in the life of Christ. He worked 10 years (1880-1890) on the altarpiece, which is 12½ feet high by 10½ feet wide, and now is on exhibit in the Norwegian-American museum, Decorah, Iowa. In 1953, the National Gallery of Art chose this section as a Christmas-card design.





North American Indian Grandmother



Gentleman of Old Korea



Puerto Rican Boys



Children of Great Smoky Mountains



Rural Church in Africa



Students of Raiwind School — Pakistan

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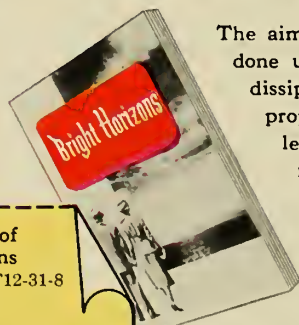
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*Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and
serve God? It is enough. I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.*

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

BISHOP A. Raymond Grant of Portland, Ore., told us the other day about the Texan who sent an eight-pound cucumber to the editor of an Alaska newspaper. "The big ones are too heavy," he apologized, "but I thought you would like to see a Texas gherkin." In a few days the editor replied with a 40-pound cabbage. "The same is true of our cabbages," he wrote, "but I thought you'd like to see an Alaska brussels sprout!"

Bishop Grant supervises the work of The Methodist Church in Alaska and can be forgiven for looking with large favor at our brand-new state. We're looking that way, too, come next month, with a full-color pictorial devoted to the past, present, and future role of Methodism on the USA's last great geographic frontier. Some breath-taking photography will accompany this feature—and you can rest assured there are big things afoot in Alaska these days.

Charles F. Kettering, author of *Keep on Asking Questions* (page 14), is a former country schoolteacher who did—and went on to an amazing career as one of the greatest inventors of our time. Today, at 82, Mr. Kettering still is asking questions. One is: How do plants convert solar energy into food? The answer to that one could mean that the specter of starvation would be banished forever from the earth.

At our house, for many years past, we've enjoyed family readings of Charles Dickens' immortal *A Christmas Carol*, come the joyous season. But this year we'll read a new story—**Temple Bailey's** unforgettable *The Candle in the Forest*, which begins on page 16. Our thanks to the six readers who helped us rediscover it by nominating it as a Reader's Choice for December. Although this little masterpiece first appeared in 1924, they have never forgotten the sheer beauty and warmth of Miss Bailey's simply told but moving story. We don't think you'll ever forget it, either!

Our cover this month was painted by a 14-year-old boy in Taejon, Korea, and was entered this year in an international exhibit of children's art at Community Methodist Church, West Van Nuys, Calif. Unfortunately, the young artist who captured so well the reverent theme of the Nativity has never been identified, reports the Rev. Galal Kernahan, pastor of the church.

—YOUR EDITORS

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In this issue:

Three Gifts	Vic Jameson	1
A Letter to Roger	Amy L. Wadsworth	13
Keep on Asking Questions	Charles F. Kettering	14
The Candle in the Forest	Temple Bailey	16
Children Can Love Music	Andre Kostelanetz	22
When a Fire Starts Sunday School Waits		25
Drinking on Airlines?	(Midmonth Powwow)	26
Special Christmas Traditions	Virginia V. Westervelt	29
Family Altar Room	Estelle S. Baum	30
Insurance for Sure	Edna B. McBride	31
Christmas With Bandits in Wyoming	Dick J. Nelson	32
Women of the Bible		
(Color photographs by Suné Richards)		35
I Collect Madonnas	Dorothy H. Wetzel	58
At Washington: Grease Paint and Prayer (Pictorial)		60
News of the World Parish		11, 64
Christmas at Chattanooga	(Color pictorial)	75
Calling Color Photographers	(Announcement)	77

OTHER FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

Letters	4	Looks at Books	48
Teens Together	43	Browsing in Fiction	53
Spiritual Efficiency	44	Small Fry	54
Light Unto My Path	45	Methodist Almanack	65
Your Faith and Church	47	Photo Credits	71

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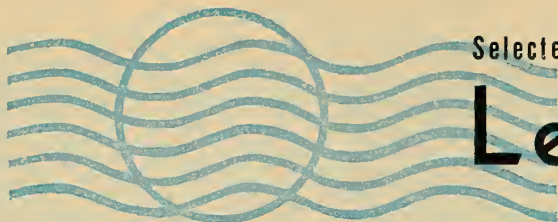
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Selected Bits from Your

Letters

Re: 'Unusual Methodists'

CLAUDE M. MORGAN
Huntington, W. Va.

Shades of the past!

When I joined The Methodist Church, if a member of the choir had looked toward Broadway and a theatrical career, her name would have been stricken from the rolls, prayers offered from the pulpit for the salvation of her soul, and a generous amount of crepe hung about her former place in the loft. Even to attend a theater was frowned upon (many sermons have I heard in which the theater was preached into the very depths of hell), but to actually appear upon the professional stage and take part in "play actin'" was utterly unthinkable.

My! How times have changed!

Kneeling Better Than Lying

LARRY EISENBERG, *Pastor*
Chilhowie, Va.

It was interesting to read Dr. T. Otto Nall's answer to "Must I kneel when I pray?" [*Your Faith and Your Church*].

His point about humility is, of course, the essential one. But I am coming more and more to believe that too many people substitute lying in bed or other convenient prayer positions for what ought to be a regular prayer habit.

A lot of folks think you can pray only when kneeling, which isn't true. Several times—often dozens—I use prayer during the day. But there needs to be a regular period for long-time humility in prayer, and for that major prayer each day I feel that there is nothing more spiritually refreshing than kneeling.

Teen-ager 'Digs' This Magazine

DIANE HARTMANN
Anderson, Ind.

I just had to write and compliment you on your fine magazine. I'm a teen-ager and there is not one part of your magazine I don't enjoy.

Re: Wednesdays in Shreveport

MRS. JOHN L. BAIRD
Shreveport, La.

The John Baird family, because of extreme procrastination, hangs its head each time *Family Night in Shreveport* [June, page 61] is discussed. Months have elapsed since our copy arrived!

We want to express, somehow, our

gratitude for the magnificent manner in which you portrayed our church's wonderful program. It is spectacular to us who attend each Wednesday night, but you made it just as spectacular to others. Your photographer caught just the right expressions!

Asbury Had No Silk Hat

CARLYLE R. EARP
Elk Ridge, Md.

Charles Hargen's oil painting of Bishop Francis Asbury arriving to preach in a Pennsylvania village [August, inside cover] gave my historical sense a terrible wallop. I refer to his high silk hat. Our Methodist Saint Francis would have had to live eighty-four years later than he did to have worn that kind of hat, because that style did not come in until about 1900.

The characteristic Quaker hat of Asbury is to be seen topping the equestrian statues both in Washington, D.C., and on the campus of Drew University in Madison, N.J.

TOGETHER asked artist Hargens about it. Here is his letter:

Not Silk, but Beaver—or Felt

CHARLES A. HARGENS, *Artist*
Doylestown, Pa.

Mr. Earp is wrong, I think, in assuming Bishop Asbury wore a Quaker hat (which curled up at the brim) for, being a Methodist, he would not have wanted to be mistaken for a Friend.

Here is a tracing from Elizabeth McClellan's book, *Historic Dress in America* (republished as *History of American Costume*), showing a silhouette of Bishop White, an American Anglican churchman of the period. I was influenced by Bishop White's hat—and gave to Bishop Asbury one of beaver, which was commonly used in

Asbury's hat: Idea from a silhouette.



his day. Or it might have been felt. Certainly it was not silk.

I appreciate Mr. Earp's anguish, though I think him mistaken in this case. Nothing is so disconcerting in art as errors in costumes, firearms, or vehicles.

What, No Preacher for Dinner!

ROBERT SCHMUSER
Hunter, N.D.

Most of us in the farming business are aware of the facts brought out by Charles B. Shuman's article, *What's Ahead for Farmers?* [August, page 29]. So often we hear the remark, sometimes in a sardonic manner, "You can't stop progress." Of course not; why should we? But we in the rural areas can keep pace and not feel that the small church must subsequently fall by the wayside.

Our highly organized world of today makes it difficult for a minister to make the number of house calls he used to. One lady complained to me that her minister had only called on her once during a whole year. I asked her when she last had invited him to her home for a meal. She sheepishly admitted the pastor had not been invited in all the four years he had been there—but in the "old days" she used to invite her pastor quite often! To me, this is a good example of our changing times.

Country Churches Had It!

MRS. N. B. SMALL
Independence, Mo.

I like to read various viewpoints in TOGETHER so I thought I'd add mine—about country churches which Bishop Voigt and others discuss in the August *Powwow* [page 20].

Nowadays country people drive by automobile to churches in town. But I so wish they had the simple ways and friendliness of the country churches I knew as a girl. We used to be singing Methodists—everybody joining heartily in all the songs. Now, with so much attention given to golden candelabra and candles and robes and preliminaries to preaching, I think we are losing the spirit that made Methodism.

Where has the good old Methodist church gone?

We Methodists aren't expanding as we should, and I think one reason is that we're losing what we used to find in our little country churches!

Orthodox Appreciation . . .

THE METROPOLITAN JAMES OF MELITA
Ecumenical Patriarchate, Liaison Office, World Council of Churches Geneva, Switzerland

It is in the full measure of my deep appreciation and gratitude that I send you this note. The wonderful article of T. Otto Nall, published in



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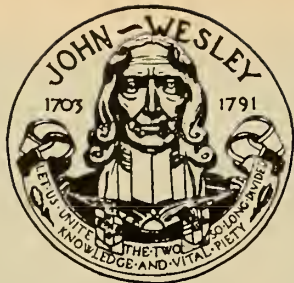


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P. O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tenn.

July's issue of your excellent periodical, *TOGETHER*, leaves us all speechless [*America's Fourth Faith*, page 40].

It is seldom that one can write so vividly and with such familiarity on a subject which is not familiar to him. I hope I do no injustice to Dr. T. Otto Nall when I say this. On the contrary, I like to praise him for his whole artful presentation of the subject, for its stylistic beauty and clarity, and for its tasteful illustration.

My Church and its leader, the Ecumenical Patriarch, have instructed me to express the warmest feelings of gratitude and love to you. The very fact that you gave such a prominence to this article shows the measure of Christian love and solidarity The Methodist Church in the USA is displaying in our behalf.

Thank you, therefore, with all my heart, and I most gratefully pray that God keep you and inspire and guide you in all your noble endeavors, that you so loyally undertake in His name.

Kodiak Church Beats Sitka's

R. HOLMES JOHNSON, M.D.
Kodiak, Alaska

In *America's Fourth Faith*, by Dr. Nall, the caption accompanying a picture of a church in Sitka denoted that it was the first Eastern Orthodox structure built on the American continent.

History records that Kodiak was the first permanent settlement in Alaska, and that the first Eastern Orthodox church built here was in 1795. Sitka was first visited by white men four years later, so the Orthodox church there could not have been built before then.

\$25 for 'Associate Pastor'

JOHN P. ADAMS, Pastor
Hilliards Methodist Church
Hilliards, Ohio

Two months after we began the All Family Plan of subscribing to *TOGETHER* Magazine, we received a note with a check for \$25 from one member of our church who had not been active for some period.

"I do not know who is responsible for the sending of *TOGETHER* to our home," she said, "but I want to send this check in appreciation for it and in support of what you are providing."

It is my strong conviction that *TOGETHER* Magazine is our "associate pastor" in this church. He calls in every home, every month. I know that this has given life to our church.

We especially appreciate this letter—not only because so many Hilliards Methodists are Ohio State professors, but because it suggests how readers elsewhere may help the All Family Plan along. Some 8,000 churches have adopted it already.—Eps.

Tribute from a 4-H-Girl

KATHRYN WETHEY
Brockport, N.Y.

I am a 4-H member who had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Myrtle Walgreen in December, 1956, when I attended National 4-H Club Congress, and the proud owner of one of the watches she gave.

It is almost impossible to tell you how much she has done to encourage boys and girls in the 4-H Club work. She has provided an additional incentive for our work. Mrs. Walgreen is truly a wonderful person. She can never know how deeply appreciated her acts have been.

Your article, *Many Look, Few See* [October, page 33], was like a small thank-you for some of the things she has done. Thank you, *TOGETHER*, for it.

Re: Radiant Mrs. Walgreen

JANICE LANE
Walla Walla, Wash.

I feel that I know Mrs. Walgreen although I've never met her. Last year I was one of the state winners in the 4-H Home Grounds Improvement Contest, and received an award from her which I truly cherish. In the letter of congratulation she sent me, I could tell that she was a radiant personality and enjoys living to the fullest moments.

Jays Without Price Tags

ELEANOR STEVENS LONDON
Sidney, N.Y.

The story of Mrs. Walgreen's experience in collecting and photographing nature, as written by Herman B. Teete, is my favorite for October!

Children would not be so uneasy and constantly looking for excitement if more parents would create within the mind's eye a desire to look for things without a price tag.

Collecting the unusual shapes of fungus, drying flowers and colorful weeds, bronzing, etc., has been my favorite hobby for years.

Ruth Is Behind on Letters

RUTH SAYRE, 13
Kailua, Hawaii

Thank you for putting my name in *Pen Pals*. I received over 175 letters and more come every day. I'm a little behind on them now, but I'm doing the best I can to write to each one.

Together for Australia, Too?

JOHN MORRIS
Leichhardt, Australia

This week I received my seventh copy of *TOGETHER* and would like to add a word of thanks from across the water.

(Continued on page 10)

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hotels, restaurants, parks, playgrounds, golf courses, and public beach. Yet it is far enough away (5½ miles) to give you peace and quiet, and plenty of living room. It has paved streets, electric power, and telephone.

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Everyone has a stake in a better business climate

The photograph above shows some of the people whose products or services are used by a typical employee in industry and his family. This is an example of the chain reaction of benefits set off by just one job in a community.

Further dramatic proof of the importance of jobs is provided by a recent survey* which shows that 100 industrial jobs in a community can create:

- 74 additional jobs
- 112 more households
- 4 more retail stores
- 296 more residents in the community
- \$590,000 more income per year
- \$360,000 more in retail sales per year

The jobs that bring widespread benefits like these to a community depend on healthy and profitable businesses. And business, in order to grow and prosper,

looks to the community for a healthy business climate.

What are some of the conditions which make an ideal business climate? They are the same things that thoughtful people in a community want for themselves:

Honest and efficient government, supported by a strong majority of alert and well-informed voters who have the balanced best interests of the community at heart.

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*"What Industrial Jobs Mean To A Community," U.S. Chamber of Commerce



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Throughout America, businesses, municipal and state governments, and individual citizens are taking an increased interest in gaining these good business climate conditions for their communities.

There is still much to be done, however, on local, state, and national levels. You can help by asserting your views on the need for a good business climate—as a member of community organizations, in civic planning activities, and at the polls. You'll be helping achieve the conditions that will enable your local businesses to operate successfully—with the greatest benefit to you.

To find out more about how you can help appraise and improve the business climate in your community, write to Business Climate, Dept. Q, Box 2490, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.



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(Continued from page 6)

for our grand magazine. I say "our" because with each copy I realize more acutely the bonds of faith and fellowship which are stronger and longer than the ocean.

Possibly TOGETHER was originally designed as a national publication, but I would like to make a suggestion, for what it's worth. Australia is an active and growing branch of the Church but lacks the number and resources of the American Church. TOGETHER is a magazine too good for America to keep to itself.

Sirs, could we not work together and make this a world-wide church magazine rather than one published solely for America? It would be a magnificent venture in evangelism of the written word.

Getting Together in India

SELINA W. THOMAS
Bombay, India

I shall be grateful if you will allow me to express my great thanks, through the medium of TOGETHER, for the donor who so thoughtfully arranged a gift subscription. The issues I shall be getting will not only be of much use to me personally but also to our local WSCS group of the Tamil Methodist Church, Bombay.

We're glad to report that the custom of sending gift subscriptions to friends and relatives in far-off lands—as well as in the USA—is growing among TOGETHER readers. The subscription price is \$3 per year.—EDS.

Conversation Pieces for Churches

WALTER B. SULLENS, Pastor
Van Alstyne, Tex.

I am enclosing a picture taken recently of a display which has been in our church foyer since last October, and which has caused considerable com-



Disciples: Christ stays at top center.

ment. You will recognize these as framed pages from TOGETHER—Suné Richards' photo studies of the Disciples [October, 1957, pages 35-46].

In the months before hanging these pictures we used the series of pictures of Christ [October, 1956, pages 39-46] in the same way. When we changed the display we left the Sallman print at top center.

These two displays have been conversation material in our church for two years. Now we are hoping that you will give us a series on the prophets that we can use the same way.

Thank you for the suggestion. We'll ponder it. Meanwhile, we hope Women of the Bible [see page 35] will provide equally acceptable conversation pieces.—EDS.

Good Use for Back Numbers

MRS. E. CLAUDE MONTGOMERY
Shamrock, Tex.

At home we thoroughly enjoy reading every article in TOGETHER. Then take each issue to the high-school library (I am the librarian). The girls and boys love the teen-age articles. The art section is especially beautiful and appealing. I clip these for my files.

A 'Grazie' from Dr. Santi

DR. EMANUELE SANTI, Codirector
Casa Materna Orphanage
Portici, Naples, Italy

We are overjoyed about the wonderful article on Casa Materna [August, page 63]. As a result of it, many people have written to tell us how much they enjoyed the story and the pictures, and to ask for information. Several have inquired about particular children in the pictures, wanting to know who they are and if they can be sponsored.

The story has been well presented. I know such fine publicity will help our work.

We are thankful to God for the many wonderful Methodist friends that we have in America, and I feel sure that this fine article will win many more.

God Bless Italia, Too!

MRS. EDWIN R. MEYER
Northport, N.Y.

Your article about Casa Materna tells how the American Methodist Church is helping Italian Methodist provide a living Christian home for 560 Italian children in Naples, Italy. Everything on the printed page reflects the love of God as interpreted by Jesus Christ—until one sees the picture of the child whose attention is focused on the blackboard with the words of God Bless America on it.

Suddenly the Christian reader realizes why foreigners may grow to hate missionaries and wish to drive them from their shores! Why not teach Italian children to sing "God bless Italia . . . stand beside her and guide her, through the night with a light from above"?

Together / NEWSLETTER

HELP EUROPE'S LAYMEN. The general Board of Lay Activities is helping Methodist laymen in Europe. Board Secretary Robert G. Mayfield told a recent Conference Lay Leaders Workshop in Chicago he is sending literature and information to laymen overseas to help them strengthen the work of the church. [See *Apathy in Europe*, page 66.]

MINISTERS AHEAD OF DOCTORS. An Atlanta, Ga., physician, Dr. Vernelle Fox, director of the Georgian Clinic of the state Commission on Alcoholism, told temperance leaders from 15 states at Lake Junaluska recently that ministers lead the medical profession in acceptance of alcoholism as an illness. He added, however, that doctors are catching up.

MILLION DOLLARS FOR NEGRO COLLEGES. Methodism's 40,000 congregations will be asked on "Race Relations Sunday," February 8, to contribute \$1 million toward the support of the 12 church-related Negro Colleges.

FREED BY ALGERIAN REBELS. Held 40 days by Algerian rebels, the Rev. Lester Griffith, 33, Methodist missionary, was released unharmed. He said his captors discussed their problems with him, and added he found them to be people with convictions and formidable discipline.

TITO PERMITS RELIGIOUS FREEDOM. Bishop Frederick B. Newell of the New York Area, in an interview in Belgrade, said he found "complete freedom of religion" in Yugoslavia. He said he found this particularly true of the 11 Methodist churches in the country which are "acting in full freedom."

REFUGEE SPONSORS NEEDED. The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief is urgently in need of persons to sponsor several hundred refugees who will be arriving in the U.S. within the next few months from Indonesia, Hong Kong, the Middle East, and other areas. Offers of sponsorship and requests for information should be sent to Dr. John S. Kulisz, MCOR, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N.Y.

TO BID FOR GENERAL CONFERENCE. The Louisville (Ky.) Conference will invite the Methodist General Conference to meet in Louisville in 1964. If the invitation is accepted it will mark the first time the supreme law and policy-making body of the church has met in the South since unification. The 1960 meeting will be in Denver.

(More church news on page 64)

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indestructible

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FOR FREE BOOKLET write today to: Shwayder Bros. Inc., Institutional Seating, Dept. T0-11 Detroit 29, Mich. Also Makers of Samsonite Classroom Furniture 41958



For wives who worry about their husbands

Been wondering what in the world's gotten into your husband lately? So cranky, so jumpy, so restless? Used to sleep like a top, didn't he? But now . . .

You know, chances are he's *over-coffee'd*. It happens. But when people switch to Postum, they notice a real change. Postum contains no caffeine, can't worry the nerves or keep you awake at night.

Postum's such a satisfying hot drink, too. Come 'on now, give those over-coffee'd nerves a rest—with Postum!



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A Letter to Roger

By AMY L. WADSWORTH



IF WE COULD write a letter to you—our son, who has needed so much of physical care all your life—these are some of the things we might say. Some we already have told you. Others we can't say, for you would see the inevitability in our eyes and be sad with our sadness. But if we can write this letter, from the hearts of parents who love their child, perhaps others who may not yet have seen God's goodness through a similar concern will find the way to a renewal of faith.

How can we ever tell you what your life has been to us? We can find no words to let you know how much your family needs you. Your love for us, blind to all our faults, sustains our days. So much that is good in each of us has been nourished by your blessed presence.

Many years ago we ceased to see the braces, the wasted limbs, the wheel chair, your frailty. We became conscious only of your strong and steady spirit, your vivid interest encompassing so much of life you could not share.

Did the doctors say "retarded"? Somewhere in the dim recesses of time we seem to remember that. But today's memory is of sparkling brown eyes shining their appreciation as a Chopin waltz fills the room with rich sound. Your shout of joy as Ernie Banks bangs a home run over the wall, putting the Cubs out in front, rings in our ears. Your expression of pure bliss when a piece of warm apple pie is popped into your mouth—as a surprise ending to an otherwise colorless dietary meal—is reward far beyond price for the effort spent in its preparation.

We thank you for your living lessons in kindness, from which we all have learned. Because we heard you thank an elevator operator for your ride, we have learned to express appreciation for services we so often took for granted. Because of you, we look beyond the surface

disabilities or handicaps of those we meet and see their abilities—their worth as human individuals who are a part of a good God's total plan. Because of you, we have learned how to help without crushing independence, when to applaud endeavor, and when to be silent until an inner struggle is won.

Through the many lives which have touched yours, we have seen that race or color or creed is no barrier to love and concern between human beings. We have seen a weary policeman halt traffic at one of Chicago's busiest corners to guide your chair across the uneven bricks—gently, so your trip was not more painful. We have seen an elevator starter in one of the city skyscrapers hold a car for your use so you would not feel crowded and pushed. We have known a doctor, sick at heart over the untimely death of his own son, who lessened his anguish by ministering to you and others like you. We have known a baseball player who took time from his busy schedule to visit you and talk about your favorite sport. Our ministers have come to bring you strength and peace, and have gone away themselves strengthened by your courage.

Above all, dear son, we thank you for your never-failing faith in the goodness of God. As we have watched these long, long months, the life slipping so slowly from your frail body, we have renewed our own faith in the strength of yours. So many times we have heard you pray, "Lord, let me walk," and have watched anxiously for that day when despair might come. But instead, you have turned to us and said, with perfect confidence and trust, "When he's ready, he'll let me walk." Now, with you, we are sure that in his time, when he is ready, he will take you by the hand and you will walk with him—straight and strong at last.



The man who invented the automatic self-starter,

Charles F. Kettering, says . . .

Keep On Asking Questions

HAVING NOW passed the 82-year mark, I take the liberty of passing out this advice: *Never be afraid of failing—if you fail intelligently.*

The catch is the word “intelligently.” To fail intelligently, you find out *why* you failed. Then you try again. The only time you must not fail is the last!

Stumbling is a part of what I call inventing—or, I could say, living. From each stumble we can learn something so that on the next try we don't stumble in the same rut. Mental grooves are the enemy of personal achievement and social progress.

“No man really becomes a fool until he stops asking questions,” the late Charles P. Steinmetz, the electrical genius, once said. I believe that. Let me illustrate why by recalling the simple steps that led to inventing the paint used on automobiles.

In the early days of cars, we finished them off, like pianos, with varnish. For the cheaper cars, the job took 17 days; more expensive ones took 35. One day I called in all the paint experts and asked if we could shorten that part of automobile production. They thought maybe two days could be lopped off.

“Why can't you paint a car in one hour?” I asked.

“The paint won't dry,” they said.

That was the best advice of the experts, so with my question still in my mind I went looking. One day I saw lacquered pin trays in a jewelry store on Fifth Avenue in New York.

I bought one for \$11.50. The jeweler told me he bought it from a little laboratory over in New Jersey, and there I went.

When I asked for a quart of his lacquer, the man was startled. He had never made a quart of it before. When I told him I wanted to use it on an automobile, he shook his head.

“It won't work. Put it in your spray guns and it will dry before it hits the door.”

“Can't you slow it down?”

“Nope, that's impossible!”

Of course, it wasn't. One question opened another, then another. Finally, by working closely with one of the paint manufacturers we obtained a lacquer which could be sprayed on and a car completely finished in a few hours. Grooved-in thinking could have stopped us cold back at the horse-and-carriage level.

When we first put the self-starter in the automobile, the Detroit Edison people had a special meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. They wanted me to explain the self-starter, which I did, but about halfway through a dignified gentleman interrupted.

“I move this meeting come to an end,” he said. “This man doesn't know what he is talking about. He has profaned every fundamental law of electrical engineering!”

He was a victim of grooved-in thinking. He was afraid to question the axioms he had accepted. He wasn't willing to sit before a problem and ask questions—and *make it ask questions.*

You don't have to work with test tubes or electricity to think like an inventor. You can be a schoolteacher, preacher, office worker, or farmer and make the taking of practice shots your way of thinking.

Suppose a half dozen of us are seated around the walls of a dark room. We are told that somewhere in the open middle space is a chair. Who would find it? Not those of us who sat still and philosophized about where chairs are placed.

The fellow who would locate it is the one who'd get up, then walk and stumble around until he discovered it. Nobody ever found anything while sitting down.

So don't be afraid to stumble! Any inventor will tell you that you don't follow a plan far before you strike a snag. If, out of 100 ideas, you get one that works, it's enough.

We know that in some manner green plants are able to convert sunshine into energy and growth. When we find how to do this we will have found a thing of greater benefit to mankind than all the peaceful applications of atomic energy.

I believe we can convert sunshine without growing plants. We looked at birds until we learned how to fly, but the Wright brothers didn't put feathers on their airplanes.

All of us have a tendency to accept things of the past as fixed things that can't be changed or improved. Some years ago someone turned over to us an automobile spring that kept breaking. Mechanically, it was simple—merely a bar of steel 18 inches

long, two inches wide, and a quarter of an inch thick. Could anyone produce a spring like that which wouldn't break?

The answer from the manufacturers was, "No." At 2,000 flexings this spring could be expected to break. Well, we subjected the spring to a special treatment. We bombarded it with little steel balls—and something happened to the molecules in those springs. They started "hugging" one another so tightly that none of those pieces of steel could be broken, even at 5 million up and down bends!

Once we played a little game in my laboratory. I asked the chemists to prescribe the worst possible thing with which to lubricate a testing machine. They went into a huddle and soon announced: "We've got it: ether." Well, we started to load that machine, using ether as a lubricant. We ran out of weights at 30,000 pounds per square inch—five times what it had been able to stand when we used regular oil!

All of us ought to come right out

and admit that we don't know much about anything. If I ask why you can see through a pane of glass, you might reply: "Because it is transparent." Now that sounds logical and well educated because the dictionary says that something transparent is something you can see through. But, when you tell me glass is transparent what you are really saying to me is: "You can see through a pane of glass because you can see through a pane of glass."

Like everyone else, inventors must learn humility. The earth and the stars were here, running smoothly, long before we got here and we have contributed little to it all. We did not do anything to make the trees, although I'd like to find out how they convert sunshine into energy. We didn't make the bugs, bees, and butterflies. Yet when we mortals do something, we hammer our chests. We invent a camera and get all excited about it, but not in a million years could we make a human eye. We are vain because we split the atom, but all science has

done is to unlock a secret that has been there all the time. And if we had to run ourselves for five minutes on what we know about ourselves, we wouldn't last 30 seconds.

Each of us, whatever our vocation, should be a humble worker thankful for the privilege to do something for our fellow men. Do this, and we can hear an echo from the Great Intelligence saying: "Just in proportion as you recognize your ignorance, the road for greater knowledge will be opened."

What is our world going to be like 10 or 20 years from now? I don't know. Looking ahead is hard.

The night before I passed my 80th milestone a friend called me, saying, "Looking back on your life, would you say—" but I interrupted him.

"I'm not going to say that," I told him, "because all the great opportunities are ahead!"

I believe that. The things we don't know are innumerable large. We can discover them and I believe we will—if we aren't afraid to keep on asking questions!



*The man who would
find a chair in a dark room
must hunt for it—
not philosophize about it.*

the Candle in the

Here is a story for fireside reading,

a gentle tale of a little girl's fancies

and how they made a tiny candle

glorify the Christmas Day.

THE SMALL GIRL'S mother was saying, "The onions will be silver and the carrots will be gold—"

"And the potatoes will be ivory," said the Small Girl, and they laughed together.

The Small Girl's mother had a big white bowl in her lap and she was cutting up vegetables. The onions were the hardest, because one cried a little over them.

"But our tears will be pearls," said the Small Girl's mother, and they laughed at that and dried their eyes, and found the carrots much easier, and the potatoes the easiest of all.

Then the Next Door Neighbor came in and said, "What are you doing?"

"We are making a beefsteak pie for our Christmas dinner," said the Small Girl's mother.

"And the onions are silver, and the carrots gold, and the potatoes ivory," said the Small Girl.

"I am sure I don't know what you are talking about," said the Next Door Neighbor. "We are going to have turkey for Christmas, and oysters and cranberries and celery."

The Small Girl laughed and clapped her hands. "But we are going to have a Christmas pie—and the onions are silver and the carrots gold—"

"You said that once," said the Next Door Neighbor, "and I should think you'd know they weren't anything of the kind."

"But they are," said the Small Girl, all shining eyes and rosy cheeks.

"Run along, darling," said the Small Girl's mother, "and

find poor Pussy Purr-up. He's out in the cold. And you can put on your red sweater and red cap."

So the Small Girl hopped away like a happy robin, and the Next Door Neighbor said,

"She is old enough to know that onions aren't silver."

"But they are," said the Small Girl's mother, "and the carrots are gold, and the potatoes are—"

The Next Door Neighbor's face was flaming.

"If you say that again, I'll scream. It sounds silly to me."

"But it isn't in the least silly," said the Small Girl's mother, and her eyes were as blue as sapphires and as clear as the sea; "it is sensible. When people are poor, they have to make the most of little things. And we'll have only a pound of steak in our pie, but the onions will be silver—"

The lips of the Next Door Neighbor were folded in a thin line. "If you had acted like a sensible creature, I shouldn't have asked you for the rent."

The Small Girl's mother was silent for a moment, then she said: "I am sorry—it ought to be sensible to make the best of things."

"Well," said the Next Door Neighbor, sitting down in a chair with a stiff back, "a beefsteak pie is a beefsteak pie. And I wouldn't teach a child to call it anything else."

"I haven't taught her to call it anything else. I was only trying to make her feel that it was something fine and splendid for Christmas Day, so I said that the onions were silver—"

"Don't say that again," snapped the Next Door Neighbor, "and I want the rent as soon as possible."

READER'S CHOICE

A good story lasts—and this simple Christmas tale is as fresh and moving today as when it first appeared in the December, 1924, *Good Housekeeping*. We reproduce it here by permission, and send our special thanks to Mrs. Emerson R. Coe, Mesa, Ariz., as the first of six readers to nominate it.—Eds.

By TEMPLE BAILEY

Forest

With that, she flung up her head and marched out of the front door, and it slammed behind her and made wild echoes in the little house.

And the Small Girl's mother stood there alone in the middle of the floor, and her eyes were like the sea in a storm.

But presently the door opened, and the Small Girl, looking like a redbreast robin, hopped in, and after her came a great black cat with his tail in the air, and he said "Purr-up," which gave him his name.

And the Small Girl said, out of the things she had been thinking, "Mother, why don't we have turkey?"

The clear look came back into the eyes of the Small Girl's mother, and she said, "Because we are content."

And the Small Girl said, "What is 'content'?"

And her mother said: "It is making the best of what God gives us. And our best for Christmas Day, my darling, is a beefsteak pie."

So she kissed the Small Girl, and they finished peeling the vegetables, and then they put them with the pound of steak to simmer on the back of the stove.

After that, the Small Girl had her supper of bread and milk, and Pussy Purr-up had milk in a saucer on the hearth, and the Small Girl climbed up in her mother's lap and said: "Tell me a story."

But the Small Girl's mother said, "Won't it be nicer to talk about Christmas presents?"

And the Small Girl sat up and said, "Let's."

And the mother said, "Let's tell each other what we'd rather have in the whole, wide world—"

"Oh, let's" said the Small Girl. "And I'll tell you first that I want a doll—and I want it to have a pink dress—and I want it to have eyes that open and shut—and I want it to have shoes and stockings—and I want it to have curly hair—"

She had to stop, because she didn't have any breath left in her body, and when she got her breath back, she said, "Now, what do you want, Mother—more than anything else in the whole, wide world?"

"Well," said her mother, "I want a chocolate mouse."

"Oh," said the Small Girl, scornfully, "I shouldn't think you'd want that."

"Why not?"

"Because a chocolate mouse—why, a chocolate mouse isn't anything."

"Oh, yes, it is," said the Small Girl's mother. "A chocolate mouse is Dickory-Dock, and Pussy-Cat-Pussy-Cat-Where-



Have-You-Been—and it's Three-Blind-Mice—and it's A-Frog-He-Would-a-Wooing-Go—and it's——"

The Small Girl's eyes were dancing. "Oh, tell me about it."

And her mother said: "Well, the mouse in Dickory-Dock ran *up* the clock, and the mouse in Pussy-Cat-Pussy-Cat was frightened *under* a chair, and the mice in Three-Blind-Mice ran *after* the farmer's wife, and the mouse in A-Frog-He-Would-a-Wooing-Go went *down* the throat of the crow."

And the Small Girl said, "Could a chocolate mouse do all that?"

"Well," said the Small Girl's mother, "we could put him *on* the clock, and *under* a chair, and cut his tail *off* with a carving knife, and at the very last we could eat him *up* like a crow."

The Small Girl shivered deliciously. "And he wouldn't be a real mouse?"

"No, just a chocolate one with cream inside."

"Do you think I'll get one for Christmas?"

"I'm not sure."

"Would he be nicer than a doll?"

The Small Girl's mother hesitated, then told the truth. "My darling—Mother saved up the money for a doll, but the Next Door Neighbor wants the rent."

"Hasn't Daddy any more money?"

"Poor Daddy has been sick so long."

"But he's well now."

"I know. But he has to pay money for doctors, and money for medicine, and money for your red sweater, and money for milk for Pussy Purr-up, and money for our beefsteak pie."

"The Boy Next Door says we're poor, Mother."

"We are rich, my darling. We have love, and each other, and Pussy Purr-up."

"His mother won't let him have a cat," said the Small Girl, with her mind still on the Boy Next Door, "but he's going to have a radio."

"Would you rather have a radio than Pussy Purr-up?"

The Small Girl gave a crow of derision. "I'd rather have Pussy Purr-up than anything else in the whole, wide world."

At that, the great cat, who had been sitting on the hearth with his paws tucked under him and his eyes like moons, stretched out his satin-shining length and jumped up on the arm of the chair beside the Small Girl and her mother, and began to sing a song that was like a mill wheel away off. He purred so long and so loud that at last the Small Girl grew drowsy.

"Tell me some more about the chocolate mouse," she said, and nodded, and slept.

The Small Girl's mother carried her into another room, put her to bed, and came back to the kitchen—and it was full of shadows.

But she did not let herself sit among them. She wrapped herself in a great cape and went out into the cold dusk, with a sweep of wind, heavy clouds overhead, and a band of dull orange showing back of the trees where the sun had burned down.

She went straight from her little house to the big house of the Next Door Neighbor and rang the bell at the back entrance. A maid let her into the kitchen and there was the Next Door Neighbor, and the two women who worked for her, and a Daughter-in-Law who had come to spend Christmas. The great range was glowing, and things were simmering, and things were stewing and things were steaming, and things were broiling, and there was a fragrance of a thousand delicious dishes in the air.

And the Next Door Neighbor said: "We are trying to get as much done as possible tonight. We are having 12 people for Christmas dinner tomorrow."

And the Daughter-in-Law, who was all dressed up and had an apron tied about her, said in a sharp voice, "I can't see why you don't let your maids work for you."

And the Next Door Neighbor said: "I have always worked. There is no excuse for laziness."

And the Daughter-in-Law said: "I'm not lazy, if that's what you mean. And we'll never have any dinner if I have to cook it," and away she went out of the kitchen with tears of rage in her eyes.

And the Next Door Neighbor said, "If she hadn't gone when she did, I should have told her to go," and there was rage in her eyes, but no tears.

She took her hands out of the pan of bread crumbs and sage, which she was mixing for the stuffing, and said to the Small Girl's mother:

"Did you come to pay the rent?"

The Small Girl's mother handed her the money, and the Next Door Neighbor went upstairs to write a receipt. Nobody asked the Small Girl's mother to sit down, so she stood in the middle of the floor, and sniffed the entrancing fragrances, and looked at the mountain of food which would have served her small family for a month.

While she waited, the Boy Next Door came in and he said, "Are you the Small Girl's mother?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to have a tree?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to see mine?"

"It would be wonderful."

So he led her down a long passage to a great room, and there was a tree which touched the ceiling, and on the very top branches and on all the other branches were myriads of little lights which shone like stars, and there were gold balls and silver ones, and gold bells and silver ones, and red and blue and green bells—and under the tree and on it were toys for boys and toys for girls, and one of the toys was a doll in a pink dress!

At that, the heart of the Small Girl's mother tightened, and she was glad she wasn't a thief or she would have snatched at the pink doll when the Boy wasn't looking and hidden it under her cape and run away with it!

The Boy Next Door was saying: "It's the finest tree anybody has around here. But Dad and Mother don't know that I've seen it!"

"Don't they?" said the Small Girl's mother.

"No," said the Boy Next Door with a wide grin, "and it's fun to fool 'em."





"Is it?" said the Small Girl's mother. "Now, do you know, I should think the very nicest thing in the whole, wide world would be *not* to have seen the tree."

The Boy Next Door stared and said, "Why?"

"Because," said the Small Girl's mother, "the nicest thing in the world would be to have somebody tie a handkerchief around your eyes, as tight as tight, and then to have somebody take your hand and lead you in and out and in and out and in and out, until you didn't know where you were, and then to have them untie the handkerchief—and there would be the tree—all shining and splendid."

She stopped, but her singing voice seemed to echo and re-echo in the great room.

The Boy's staring eyes had a new look in them.

"Did anybody ever tie a handkerchief over your eyes?"

"Oh, yes."

"And lead you in and out, and in and out?"

"Yes."

"Well, nobody does things like that in our house. They think it's silly."

The Small Girl's mother laughed, and her laugh tinkled like a bell. "Do you think it is silly?"

He was eager. "No, I don't."

She held out her hand to him. "Will you come and see our tree?"

"Tonight?"

"No, tomorrow morning—early."

"Before breakfast?"

She nodded.

"I'd like it."

So that was a bargain, with a quick squeeze of their hands on it. And the Small Girl's mother went back to the kitchen, and the Next Door Neighbor came down with the receipt, and the Small Girl's mother went out of the back door and found that orange band which had burned on the horizon was gone, and that there was just the wind and the sighing of the trees.

Two men passed her on the brick walk which led to the house, and one of the men was saying:

"If you'd only be fair to me, Father."

And the other man said, "All you want of me is money."

"You taught me that, Father."

"Blame it on me!"

"You are to blame. You and Mother. Did you ever show me the finer things?"

Their angry voices seemed to beat against the noise of

the wind and the sighing trees, so that the Small Girl's mother shivered and drew her cape around her, and ran on as fast as she could to her little house.

There were all the shadows to meet her, but she did not sit among them. She made coffee and a dish of milk toast, and set the toast in the oven to keep hot, and then she stood at the window watching. At last she saw through the darkness what looked like a star low down, and she knew that the star was a lantern, and she ran and opened the door wide.

And the young husband set the lantern down on the threshold, and took her in his arms, and said, "The sight of you is more than food and drink."

When he said that, she knew he had had a hard day, but her heart leaped because she knew that what he had said of her was true.

Then they went into the house together and she set the food before him. And, that he might forget his hard day, she told him of her own. And when she came to the part about the Next Door Neighbor and the rent, she said,

"I am telling you this because it has a happy ending."

And he put his hands over hers and said, "Everything with you has a happy ending."

"Well, this is a happy ending," said the Small Girl's mother, with all the sapphire in her eyes emphasizing it. "Because when I went over to pay the rent I was feeling how poor we were, and wishing that I had a pink doll for baby, and books for you, and—and—and a magic carpet to carry us away from work and worry. And then I went into the kitchen of the big house, and there was everything delicious and delectable, and then I went into the parlor and saw the tree—with everything hanging on it that was glittering and gorgeous—and then I came home," her breath was quick and her lips smiling, "I came home—and I was glad I lived in my little house."

"What made you glad, dearest?"

"Oh, love is here; and hate is there, and a boy's deceit, and a man's injustice. They were saying sharp things to each other—and—and—their dinner will be a—stalled ox. And in my little house is the faith of a child in the goodness of God and the bravery of a man who fought for his country—"

She was in his arms now.

"And the blessing of a woman who has never known defeat." His voice broke on the words.

In that moment it seemed as if the wind stopped blowing and as if the trees stopped sighing and as if there was the sound of a heavenly host singing—

The Small Girl's mother and the Small Girl's father sat up very late that night. They popped a great bowlful of crisp snowy corn and made it into balls. They boiled sugar and molasses and cracked nuts and made candy of them. They cut funny little Christmas fairies out of paper and painted their jackets bright red, with round silver buttons of the tinfoil that came on cream cheese. And then they put the balls and the candy and the painted fairies and a long red candle in a big basket and set it away. And the Small Girl's mother brought out the chocolate mouse.

"We will put this on the clock," she said, "where her eyes will rest on it the first thing in the morning."

So they put it there and it seemed as natural as life, so that Pussy Purr-up positively licked his chops and sat in front of the clock as if to keep his eye on the chocolate mouse.

And the Small Girl's mother said, "She was lovely about giving up the doll, and she will love the tree."

"We'll have to get up very early," said the Small Girl's father.

"And you'll have to run ahead and light the candle."

Well, they got up before the dawn the next morning, and so did the Boy Next Door. He was there on the step, waiting, blowing his hands and beating them quite like the poor little boys in a Christmas story who haven't any mittens.

But he wasn't a poor little boy, and he had so many pairs of fur-trimmed gloves that he didn't know what to do with them, but he had left the house in such a hurry that he had forgotten to put them on.

So there he stood on the front step of the little house, blowing on his hands and beating them. And it was dark, with a sort of pale shine in the heavens, which didn't seem to come from the stars or to herald the dawn; it was just a mystical silver glow that set the Boy's heart to beating.

He had never been out alone like this. He had always stayed in his warm bed until somebody called him, and then he had dressed and gone down to breakfast, where his father scolded because he was late, and his mother scolded because he ate too fast. But this day had begun with adventure, and for the first time, under that silver sky, he felt the thrill of it.

Then suddenly someone came around the corner—someone tall and thin, with a cap on his head and an empty basket in his hands.

"Hello," he said. "Merry Christmas."

It was the Small Girl's father, and he put the key in the lock, and went in, and turned on a light, and there was the table set for four.

And the Small Girl's father said: "You see, we have set

a place for you. We must eat something before we go out."

And the Boy said: "Are we going out? I came to see the tree."

"We are going out to see the tree."

Before the Boy Next Door could ask any questions, the Small Girl's mother appeared with her finger on her lips and said: "Sh-sh," and then she began to recite in a hushed voice,

"Hickory-Dickory-Dock—"

Then there was a little cry and the sound of dancing feet, and the Small Girl in a red dressing gown came flying in.

"Oh, Mother, the mouse is *on* the clock. The mouse is *on* the clock!"

Well, it seemed to the Boy Next Door that he had never seen anything so exciting as the things that followed. The chocolate mouse went *up* the clock and *under* the chair—and would have had its tail cut *off* except that the Small Girl begged to save it.

"I want to keep it as it is, Mother."

And playing this game as if it were the most important thing in the whole, wide world were the Small Girl's mother and the Small Girl's father, all laughing and flushed, and chanting the quaint old words to the quaint old music.

The Boy Next Door held his breath for fear he would wake up from this entrancing dream and find himself in his own big house, alone in his puffy bed, or eating breakfast with his stodgy parents who never had played with him in his life. He found himself laughing, too, and flushed and happy, and trying to sing in his funny boy's voice,

"Heigh-o, says Anthony Rowley!"

The Small Girl absolutely refused to eat the mouse. "He's my darling Christmas mouse, Mother."

So her mother said, "Well, I'll put him on the clock again, where Pussy Purrr-up can't get him while we are out."

"Oh, are we going out?" said the Small Girl, round-eyed. "Yes."

"Where are we going?"

"To find Christmas."

That was all the Small Girl's mother would tell. So they had breakfast, and everything tasted perfectly delicious to the Boy Next Door. But first they bowed their heads, and the Small Girl's father said:

"Dear Christ child, on this Christmas morning bless these children, and help us all to keep our hearts young and full of love for thee."



The Boy Next Door, when he lifted his head, had a funny feeling as if he wanted to cry, and yet it was a lovely feeling, all warm and comfortable.

For breakfast they each had a great baked apple, and great slices of sweet bread and butter, and great glasses of milk, and as soon as they had finished, away they went, out of the door and down into the wood back of the house, and when they were deep in the wood, the Small Girl's father took out of his pocket a little flute and began to play, and he played thin, piping tunes that went flittering around among the trees, and the Small Girl hummed the tunes, and her mother hummed the tunes until it sounded like singing bees, and their feet fairly danced, and the Boy found himself humming and dancing with them.

Then suddenly the piping ceased, and a hush fell over the wood. It was so still that they could almost hear each other breathe—so still that when a light flamed suddenly in that open space it burned without a flicker.

The light came from a red candle that was set in the top of a small living tree. It was the only light on the tree, but it showed the snowy balls, and the small red fairies whose coats had silver buttons.

"It's our tree, my darling," he heard the Small Girl's mother saying.

Suddenly it seemed to the Boy that his heart would burst in his breast. He wanted someone to speak to him like that. The Small Girl sat high on her father's shoulder, and her father held her mother's hand. It was like a chain of gold, their holding hands like that and loving each other.

The Boy reached out and touched the woman's hand. She looked down at him and drew him close. He felt warmed and comforted. The red candle burning there in the darkness was like some sacred fire of friendship. He wished that it would never go out, that he might stand there watching it, with his small cold hand in the clasp of the Small Girl's mother.

It was late when the Boy Next Door got back to his own

house. But he had not been missed. Everybody was up and everybody was angry. The Daughter-in-Law had declared the night before that she would not stay another day beneath that roof, and off she had gone with her young husband and her little girl, who was to have had the pink doll on the tree.

"And good riddance," said the Next Door Neighbor.

But she ate no breakfast, and she went out to the kitchen and worked with her maids to get the dinner ready, and there were covers laid for nine instead of 12.

And the Next Door Neighbor kept saying, "Good riddance—good riddance," and not once did she say, "Merry Christmas."

But the Boy Next Door held something in his heart that was warm and glowing like the candle in the forest, and so he came to his mother and said,

"May I have the pink doll?"

She spoke frowningly. "What does a boy want of a doll?"

"I'd like to give it to the Small Girl next door."

"Do you think I buy dolls to give away in charity?"

"Well, they gave me a Christmas present."

"What did they give you?"

He opened his hand and showed a little flute tied with a gay red ribbon. He lifted it to his lips and blew on it, a thin, piping tune—

"Oh, that," said the mother, scornfully. "Why, that's nothing but a reed from the pond!"

But the Boy knew that it was more than that. It was a magic pipe that made you dance and made your heart warm and happy.

So he said again, "I'd like to give her the doll," and he reached out his little hand and touched his mother's—and his eyes were wistful.

His mother's own eyes softened—she had lost one son that day—and she said, "Oh, well, do as you please," and went back to the kitchen.

The Boy Next Door ran into the great room and took the doll from the tree, and wrapped her in paper, and flew out of the door and down the brick walk and straight into the little house.

When the door was opened, he saw that his friends were just sitting down to dinner—and there was the beefsteak pie all brown and piping hot, with a wreath of holly, and the Small Girl was saying,

"And the onions were silver, and the carrots gold."

The Boy Next Door went up to the Small Girl and said, "I've brought you a present."

With his eyes all lighted up, he took off the paper in which it was wrapped, and there was the doll, in rosy frills, with eyes that opened and shut, and shoes and stockings, and curly hair that was bobbed and beautiful.

And the Small Girl, in a whirlwind of happiness, said, "Is it really *my* doll?"

And the Boy Next Door felt very shy and happy, and he said, "Yes."

And the Small Girl's mother said, "It was a beautiful thing to do," and she bent and kissed him.

Again that bursting feeling came into the Boy's heart, and he lifted his face to hers and said, "May I come sometimes and be your boy?"

And she said, "Yes."

And when at last he went away, she stood in the door and watched him, such a little lad, who knew so little of loving. And because she knew so much of love, her eyes filled to overflowing.

But presently she wiped the tears away and went back to the table. And she smiled at the Small Girl and at the Small Girl's father.

"And the potatoes were ivory," she said. "Oh, who would ask for turkey, when they can have a pie like this?"



NEVER A DULL MOMENT!

When Eugene Browning's gifted family gets together, music resounds in Lee's Summit, Mo. Youngest is Robert, two, at right with E. C., four. Barbara (next page) is six. Eldest girl is 14. This Methodist family's funfests—which started out as a lark—are in such demand that they may pay children's way through college!



Children Can

YOU'RE familiar, I'm sure, with the picture of the All-American boy held captive by his violin while his playmates run off for an afternoon of baseball or fishing. And even though I'm a professional musician, I confess this is a sad picture. When baseball collides violently with music, I say let baseball win.

But children *can* learn to love music, although they can't be forced to do so. There is a right and a wrong time to begin lessons, as well as a right and wrong way to practice. I know, because my first teacher almost spoiled my musical career before it began!

That teacher taught in such a dry, uninteresting way that I hid whenever he was expected. Luckily, my parents were wise enough to change teachers and I got along famously. We even played duets together! My mother and my sister also played duets with me, which encouraged me to practice. As a result, music has been an important part of my life from my early childhood in Russia.

In those days, I wanted to make a good showing to

earn praise for carrying my part well. When I was only five, I learned that music is a matter of melody and rhythm, rather than mere finger exercises; I learned, too, that even practice can be fun. Suddenly, the whole realm of music opened up for me! We were playing melodic and beautiful pieces together. Even advanced music became easy, because in a duet the compositions are divided, one person playing accompaniment, the other melody.

Playing together was the way we shared music in the Kostelanetz family. It drew us closer together—and it certainly taught me to love music. Today I know many families who have found spiritual comfort, a deeper enjoyment of life, and the best sort of fun for the children through shared family music. I wish it could happen more often!

Never mind if everyone in the family is unskilled. There's a wealth of simple music that's fun to play. You may even begin with nursery tunes, but you need not end there.



Love Music

By *ANDRE KOSTELANETZ*

Well-known conductor

Two of my friends have a young daughter who fell in love with the flute. She spent her allowances on recordings of flute music and lived from one lesson to the next. The mother, wondering how to join in her daughter's new hobby, turned to the piano, on which she had taken lessons as a child. Dad, not to be left out, hunted up the ukelele he'd played in college. The music they made together was dismal at first, but it was fun—and you should hear this family trio today!

Many well-known musicians learned in this manner and some continue for years as members of family organizations. The Trapp family choir has delighted people all over the world. One of the Kurtz brothers is a noted violinist, the other a noted cellist. Robert Weede (you may have heard him in *Most Happy Fella* on Broadway) takes part in regular songfests with his wife and sons. The Lombardos have been making "the sweetest music this side of heaven" for a good many years now. And most teen-agers will recognize young Ricky Nelson, whose parents, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet

Hilliard, were outstanding popular musicians a few years ago.

Even in the face of today's rising prices, music remains an uncomplicated luxury for the entire family. It is a child's rightful heritage and within reach of almost everyone.

I don't believe a home can be happy without some evidence of music. I hope more people—especially parents—will learn not to shy away from the simple, satisfying art of just making music!

It doesn't have to be good music. What is important is that here is a form of expression that should not be stifled merely because it may be inferior. It should be encouraged because it can be improved. And the effort needn't be costly.

One thing is certain—you can't know whether your child will be interested in music until he is given the opportunity to hear good music, to study an instrument, or to sing.

My rules for bringing music into a child's life are

simple. First, create a feeling that music is fun. Second, help your child become interested in active participation with others. And third, give him a reason to practice!

Love of music is instinctive with most of us. To know music is to love and appreciate it even more. Even a tiny baby quickly responds to soft music. I've known a one-year-old who apparently enjoyed chamber music and Brahms' symphonies!

Anything may spark a child's interest—a neighbor's piano, Christmas carolers, a small phonograph of his own. When music is a part of a child's early life, it is easier to approach the next step—music lessons.

Lessons mean practice, the more the better. Having a goal will encourage a child to practice. Perhaps that goal is simply being good enough to play in a school recital. My first public appearance was exactly that—at the age of six. And once I'd heard applause, I was committed forever to music as a way of life.

One teen-age girl I heard about recently had suddenly lost interest in the piano. Then, just as suddenly, she went back to spending long hours at practice. Her inspiration: a new boy friend who played the saxophone. Now she wanted to be good enough to accompany her beau; she had a real reason to practice—and improved rapidly.

UNFORTUNATELY, practice sessions don't always have romance as an inspiration. Often they require parental ingenuity. For parents who must listen to practice hours, the piano is the easiest, most logical instrument for study. While you may be poor on interpretation, shading, and feeling for music, all it takes to get harmony out of a piano is to hit the right notes. Wrong notes are so easily detected that even a beginner can't avoid hearing them.

But when all is said and done, the choice of a musical instrument should be the child's own. Children become attached to a particular instrument for reasons of their own. Whatever instrument he picks, don't expect the normal child always to be eager to practice. There's not one living musician, no matter how accomplished, who hasn't at some time hated practice so much that he wanted to abandon music!

These little storms can be ridden out. Be sure you use care in selecting the teacher. Your child will do better with someone he likes, someone capable of inspiring his interest. Money doesn't enter into this problem. Many inexpensive teachers can start your child off with greater enthusiasm than the most expensive teacher.

Take note, too, of improvements. Be lavish with praise when praise is deserved. Don't condemn a poor performance; ups and downs are normal. So long as there is improvement in the course of a year, an occasional bad performance is nothing to worry about.

For both parent and teacher, sound psychology is important. Don't say, "You played that better yesterday" or "Maybe you'll do better tomorrow." Take a positive approach, as did the late Dr. Frederick Stock of the Chicago Symphony. He never said, "You played a wrong note." He always said, "You know, the right note is thus-and-so."

Remember, mere finger exercises are not very in-

teresting at any age. A clever teacher will suggest exercise books in which finger work is arranged in a harmonious form. If plain, unvarnished scales are essential, say to the child, "Listen to the tone—it should sound like raindrops on the window" or "Play it *very* softly going up and a little louder coming down." This gives a child something to do besides merely striking keys.

Use common sense, too, in deciding the right moment for practice. Your child will want a few minutes to relax between homework and music practice. If he's done two hours' homework, don't say, "Now, you sit down and practice." That's psychologically the wrong time. Let the child play in the yard a little while, or read, or relax with a game. Then he'll be less reluctant to go to his music.

To add interest, vary the music with the seasons—a little gimmick that works just as well with family ensembles as with the budding soloist. Fall means football and college music; spring means delicate Elizabethan or folk tunes; Christmas, of course, brings carols, and in summer you may want to choose music that ripples like cool water.

Today's young people embrace music as a whole. The classics are as available as the hit songs. Even if one could imagine a home without TV, radio, phonograph, or musical instrument, there's always a jukebox just around the corner for young people to enjoy. I'm not one to condemn the jukebox, either, for often it is a stepping stone to a liking for all music. It isn't so far as one might think from Dave Brubeck to Debussy, or Roger Williams to Bach.

Another point: Don't overlook the musical instrument we carry in our throats. It was Robert Schumann who said singing is the greatest expression a person can have because *you* yourself are the instrument. A child needs scant encouragement to sing. Usually he will sing for the sheer joy of being alive. It makes no difference whether he can carry a tune; don't discourage him.

Singing can find ready outlets in school choral societies and church choirs. The average choirmaster, even as an amateur, is a pretty fair musician who will help a child to a much deeper appreciation of music. In a church choir, the child receives important training and learns to work harmoniously with others.

FOR any youth who aspires to a professional career, technical perfection and concentrated work are demanded. Nevertheless, parents should remember that most musicians play only for their own satisfaction. So if, along the way, your child gives in to other distractions—TV, radio, after-school sports—don't be alarmed. This is likely to happen when he enters his teens and becomes more interested in things outside himself and his own home. If this happens you may decide that both lessons and practice may as well stop. Then all you can do is wait and hope.

Regardless of the outcome, all is not lost. Gifted or not, serious or not, your child has enriched his life. While the rewards of music are often intangible, they last a lifetime and will provide immeasurable enjoyment in the years ahead.

Every Sunday morning half the city's firemen roll into the Central fire station to attend Sunday school, led by the Men's Bible Class of the Edenton Street Church.



When a Fire Starts Sunday School Waits

TO THE 100,000 or so people of Raleigh, N.C., going to church on Sunday is as natural as turning out the tobacco, cotton, and lumber products that help keep the city on its feet. And when the people can't go to church, it's the church that does the going.

Three years ago when Raleigh firemen on Saturday-night and Sunday-morning shifts found it impossible to attend church services because of their duties, members of the Men's Bible Class of Edenton Street Methodist Church set out to find an answer. With approval of Fire Chief J. B. Keeter, they inaugurated a Sunday school in the Central (downtown) firehouse. The move was so successful it prompted another denomination to start similar services in a firehouse across town.

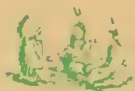
Only twice in three years have alarms interrupted the firehouse Sunday school. The only other time firemen failed to attend was when Edenton Street Church burned on a Saturday night—and they were too exhausted.



Lesson finished, Bible-class leader E. Y. Floyd leaves. With two others, he has guided the firemen since the group was first organized on November 3, 1955.

About 30 firemen attend each class. Only twice in three years have services been disrupted. Fire trucks stand inside the station, ready to be manned.





Drinking on Airlines?

Airlines Try to Meet Wishes of the Majority



Stuart G. Tipton
*President, Air Transport
Association of America*

SPEED and safety are two dominating reasons for the rapid rise of airline travel. But a third also must be recognized: the airlines' responsiveness to the desires of its passengers.

The proposal to limit by law the serving of liquor on planes would mark a partial return to Prohibition, which was rejected by a solid majority of citizens in 1933 when the 18th Amendment was repealed.

As a public-service industry, we have the responsibility to serve well not only the postal service and the national defense, but also the foreign and domestic commerce.

Backed by their traditional philosophy of service to passengers, airlines provide beverage service on some flights. In this, they are not unique in the transportation field for alcoholic beverages also are served on trains and steamships.

The same desire to serve the public motivates airlines to offer other services. Special meals are provided

for diabetics or other passengers on restricted diets, to meet religious preferences; baby-food kits are on hand for traveling infants and cooked-to-order steaks for the gourmet. And for the sick, stretcher facilities are available.

Though the majority of passengers approve serving liquor, let us examine the objections of those who do not.

First are those either moral or religious in nature. We are well aware that consumption of alcoholic beverages is prohibited in the doctrines of a number of religious groups. We respect their beliefs. But, on the other hand, many other groups have neither religious nor moral objections to drinking. With these groups we also have no quarrel. Though protecting the individual's right to drink or not to drink, the airlines oppose any lack of morality which would result from excesses.

But these are all subjective views and are not basic in any consideration by Congress of whether alcoholic beverages should be served on aircraft.

All parties to this difference of view agree, I believe, that alcoholic beverages should not be served if such service is in any way a compromise with the safety of flight operations. We are convinced that *it does not* and there has been no evidence which has in any way

U.S. AIRLINES first served liquor aloft in 1949—to compete with freewheeling foreign companies. The table (opposite page) shows how the practice has spread among major services. Small lines usually don't serve drinks. Of some 3,000 daily flights in the U.S., liquor is served on about 500, with a maximum of two drinks per person.

No other of the many "extras" designed to woo passengers has evoked such controversy. The Methodist Church, through its Board of Temperance, has been especially active in the effort to secure prohibitory legislation. A dozen such bills have come up in Congress.

Now, to bring the issue clearly and fairly before our readers, *TOGETHER* has gone to the men and women who own and fly commercial airlines. In general, the owners favor serving liquor in flight; the crews are strongly opposed. Here are both sides. We will welcome your letters on this question, which promises to become a warm issue in Washington this winter.—*Your Editors.*

changed our position or viewpoint.

Were safety at stake, the federal agencies responsible for airline operations would not permit service of alcohol. Even more important, the airlines themselves, with their records and reputations for safe operations at stake, would be the first to reject liquor service if it posed any hazard.

In more than 20 years since U.S. airlines began serving alcoholic beverages, there has not been a single accident which has been traced to drinking on planes.

Why, then, is there a problem? It dates back to the summer of 1954 when the Air Line Pilots Association first questioned the service of alcoholic beverages on air-carrier aircraft and later were supported by the Air Line Stewards and Stewardesses Association.

That summer, a letter from the pilots to the Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) set off an investigation which, according to the Board, "... did not disclose any incident in which the serving of alcoholic beverages in air carrier operations might have jeopardized flight safety." Nor has a continuing investigation by the Board since disclosed any. Investigation and monitoring of the situation by the Civil Aeronautics Administration has disclosed none, either.

Then—on three occasions during 1954-55—the CAB asked the pilots

to give it factual information, but got no answer. Yet, at the same time, the pilots issued public statements listing alleged incidents. On January 3, 1956, the Board sought facts from the pilots and again found no hazard involved.

Still again, in July, 1957, the Board called upon the pilot and stewardess groups, along with the Air Transport Association, to cite flight-safety jeopardy incidents connected with service or consumption of liquor.

Ultimately, the pilots listed 34 incidents alleged to have a bearing on safety. Investigation of each showed that, of the incidents, in only six was liquor service aloft said to be a factor. Of the six, three were not reported to the airline; one could not be traced due to insufficient data; one was obviously incorrect since the airline in question had never served liquor on domestic flights. The one remaining occurred on an international flight during which a passenger became difficult because he had consumed liquor before boarding the aircraft and concealed this from the airline's personnel.

In short, the CAB has carefully investigated every case cited to it—by the pilots and stewardesses—as well as by over 2,000 individuals. Not once has it found a relationship between liquor service and safety.

Actually, the matter of alcoholic-beverage service is one of airline regulation, and the U.S. domestic airlines that do serve liquor subscribe to a voluntary industry code. This limits passengers to two drinks and provides that service will be refused if the situation so requires.

I am familiar with The Methodist Church's stand on liquor, for I am a lifelong member and have served as lay leader and official-board chairman of the Potomac Methodist Church. But the airlines must face up to facts as they are. Since repeal of the 18th Amendment, liquor may be served legally in the U.S. Since no safety hazard has ever been proved, we must discount this argument against the service of alcoholic beverages aboard aircraft.

Giving services desired by passengers is traditional with airlines. We, therefore, consider that a dignified and moderate alcoholic-beverage service, available to those who desire it, is in keeping with our philosophy.

Passengers Who Drink Create Unnecessary Risk



Helen Chase
Sec'y., Air Line Stewards
& Stewardesses Association

WE OF the ALSSA believe no one should drink while a passenger on a commercial airliner.

I could speak as a Methodist—for I happen to be one—but instead I join this discussion as an officer of the organized stewardesses to present our viewpoint.

In recent years, alcoholic beverages have been offered, both "free" (cost covered in the purchase of the flight ticket), and for sale on airlines. Each year an increasing proportion of flights have become "liquor flights." It is still true, however, that most flights are run without benefit of cocktails, and on those that do serve, there is usually a limit of two cocktails per passenger.

In this situation, as in past instances, we of ALSSA want to be

fair with all parties involved. Therefore, we feel it is an accurate appraisal of the situation to say that, while this problem actually occurs only in a small minority of scheduled airline flights, it is still an important problem—one that deserves the attention of everyone concerned.

I have been a stewardess for 13 years. During recent years I have run into many situations that centered around the serving of liquor on airlines. Many of these incidents involved me personally; others happened to stewardess friends of mine.

For example, after drinking too much before and during one recent flight, a man decided, with the plane at 15,000 feet, that he wanted to enter the cockpit. He was a friendly enough chap, but he simply wasn't allowed in the cockpit under the rules of the Civil Aeronautics Board. Now, he didn't get into the cockpit, but he created quite a disturbance, and one of the three-man crew had to come back into the passenger cabin to quiet him down.

In another case a rather elderly gentleman, not himself due to his indulging, decided that this would be the time and the place (at mid-

Liquor Policies of 12 Major Airlines in U.S.

	Started Serving Liquor	Daily Flights	Flights with Liquor	Max. Drinks Allowed	Drinks Served Free
AMERICAN	1953	1,000	60	2	Yes
BRANIFF	1956	134	4†	2	Yes
CAPITAL	1957	300	87	2	No
CONTINENTAL	1957	76	13	2	No
DELTA	1958	177	2	2	No
EASTERN	1954	477	112	2	No
NATIONAL	1950	48	10	2	No
NORTHEAST	1957	150	14	2	No
NORTHWEST ORIENT	1949	80	53	2	No
TRANS WORLD	1952	180	60	2	Yes
UNITED	1955	140	14	2	No
WESTERN	1954	88	23*	2	Yes

† Wine only; * Champagne only.

night, somewhere over Long Island Sound) to give someone a good-night kiss. He leaned over the seat in front of him and kissed its occupant. Both she and he were married—but not to each other!

These incidents sometimes have their humorous side, but for the most part they aren't funny. I personally have had passengers who, after drinking too much, have tampered with emergency exits (which can't be opened in flight, but which still should be left alone) and who have failed to observe "fasten seat belts" and "no smoking" signs.

On some airlines the more experienced stewardesses who have seniority to choose their flights often select trips on which liquor is not available.

There is definitely a safety aspect to this question. I believe, as do other members of the Air Line Stewards and Stewardess Association, that serving liquor in flight creates conditions under which incidents endangering the lives of passengers and crews could more readily occur. Passengers who imbibe bring a risk that is totally unnecessary.

I personally feel, however, that the greater disservice done to all concerned is the discomfort and annoyance to others brought about by such in-flight drinking.

While airlines have rules and regulations allowing them to refuse to admit to a flight one who obviously has been drinking too much, such detection is not always a simple matter. Then, too, the effect of altitude on a drinker can be an amazing one.

The way I understand it, the thing that makes one "drunk" is the numbing of reflexes and the slowing down of bodily functions, including breathing. This allows carbon dioxide to build up within the body, creating varying degrees of dizziness.

The condition is aggravated more in a high-flying airplane which, even though pressurized, allows the passenger slightly rarefied air and even less oxygen than he gets on the ground. Thus, one has a head start on intoxication when he is flying.

To put it another way, one drink in the air may be as potent as two on the ground.

Pilots Should Not Have Added Responsibilities



Clarence N. Sayen
*President, Air Line Pilots
Association, International*

THE INTEREST of airline pilots in legislation to curtail or abolish the serving of alcoholic beverages on aircraft in flight stems from three areas of concern:

1. The compromise with safety introduced by liquor served to passengers.

2. The additional burden imposed upon pilots who must bear the responsibility for the safe and honorable conduct of passengers while operating aircraft safely.

3. The assumption of responsibility for the maintenance of order and harmony, as well as safe conduct, among passengers permitted to consume alcoholic beverages.

When an aircraft leaves the ground it contains people of diverse backgrounds, experience, and habits. Some may have overcome apprehension about flying and be completely relaxed. Others may be under considerable nervous tension. Some may have a capacity for a considerable amount of alcohol with no ill effect. Others may react suddenly to small quantities.

There is no way of knowing what the reaction of any individual passenger will be prior to the beginning of the flight.

One of the greatest fears of all pilots is fire in flight. The careless use of cigarettes or matches by an inebriated passenger could start even a small fire which could create panic.

An apprehensive passenger, relieved of inhibitions by alcohol, could attempt to enter the cockpit. If he succeeded, he would interfere with the operation of the aircraft by the flight crew or possibly tamper with delicate instruments necessary to safe flight. Should an emergency occur, it could be tragic if stewardess or pilot had to contend with passengers whose judgment and alertness were dimmed by alcohol.

Operating an aircraft is a full-time

task for the flight crew. But there have been instances where it has been necessary for the pilot to come out of the flight deck to subdue inebriated passengers. Had the pilot been injured, the flight would have been deprived of his services—and an emergency created.

Civil air regulations provide that a pilot shall not permit any person to be carried in an aircraft who is obviously under the influence of intoxicating liquor or drugs, except a medical patient under proper care or in case of an emergency. This places the responsibility on the pilot to refuse passage to individuals under the influence of alcohol. And for many years, we have carried out this responsibility.

But who can tell about the person who has had a cocktail or two before boarding? The first drink a stewardess innocently serves him could start a chain reaction of trouble and embarrassment, not only for her but for other passengers who, for the flight, are his involuntary associates.

Our Association is skeptical that the pilot can effectively carry out all of his responsibilities if additional problems, created by serving liquor, are added to them.

Many foreign airlines have always served liquor aboard. When U.S. airlines adopted the practice on domestic flights, our Association called these problems to the attention of the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Air Transport Association. We urged that the industry take voluntary action to terminate or regulate this practice. A competitive situation, we pointed out, was being created, under which airlines were being forced to serve liquor on board or to provide setups for people who brought their own.

The more than 15,000 members of the Air Line Pilots Association, Intl. (AFL-CIO) have expressed concern for many years over the social, safety, and legal implications of airborne bars serving alcohol aloft. We strongly condemned it at our 13th Convention in 1954. Subsequently, we asked Congress to act to regulate this problem after attempts at other methods of solving it failed.

We plan to continue to press for enactment of regulations which would provide a satisfactory solution.

Just another holiday? Not for this family with its

Special Christmas Traditions

By VIRGINIA FEEDER WESTERVELT

A Together in the  feature

BEDTIME on Christmas Eve is candlelighting time in our home. First a tall candle is placed in the window, its tip aglow "to light the Christ child on his way." Its flickering rays pick out the crèche from the shadows and softly highlight the mother and cradle.

Two pajamaed little figures stand near, each with a small candle. "Now?" asks our boy eagerly, and he tilts his tiny candle toward the tall taper. Turning, he helps his sister light her candle from his. Then, while we all sing *Silent Night*, they go slowly up the stairs . . . candles gleaming against the darkness.

This candlelighting ceremony climaxes a series of Christmas observances that are building happy traditions in the Westervelt home. There was a time, though, when like many an American family, we let the true meaning of Christmas be smothered under a what-will-I-get attitude.

Then, one Christmas, we awakened to our loss. Re-reading the familiar story of the Magi and their gifts to the child Jesus, we decided that our children, small as they were, should begin to emphasize what-shall-I-give. To help them understand that the Christ child symbolizes the hope of a believing world, we as a family have gradually developed our own family ceremonials to make Christmas memorable as well as merry.

We sing carols right after dinner the pre-Christmas week. But as early as Thanksgiving we start humming carols about the house. I even remember scooping out a jack-o'-lantern once to their accompaniment.

Reading Christmas stories aloud has its place. But we've grown to favor the story of that holy night, direct from the New Testament.

We have the usual Christmas

*Each Christmas Eve
in the Westervelt home,
this family custom:
Two small, pajama-clad figures
tread softly upstairs
by flickering candlelight.*



make
your
own

Family Altar Room

COME AND SEE our new family altar room," Mabel invited as I stopped in for a brief afternoon visit. The three-room apartment seemed hardly adequate for a family of four; I wondered where she found space for an altar room—whatever that might mean.

She held aside the white curtain which separated the altar room from the rest of the apartment. It was tiny, no larger than a closet. It had been a sewing room; later, a children's den.

It was furnished simply. The floor was bare, the walls white. An open Bible lay on a table at one end of the room. Before the table was a hassock, for kneeling. The other furnishings were a picture of Jesus and a poem urging us to help one another.

"Everyone needs time to think—time to be alone with God," Mabel explained. "With two children, housework, and daily living a quiet spot like this helps. I can pray there and that makes me feel better."

"My husband uses it, too, and sometimes I take the children in. We read from the Bible or sing hymns together. It's a nice feeling."

As a mother, I appreciated the warmth and spirit which a family altar room could bring to a home. A quiet time to withdraw from the monotony and pressures which pursue us is something any mother would appreciate. The family altar room seems to fill a definite need as a place of reverence to which any member of the family can retreat.

Any extra room, I soon learned, can become the family sanctuary. Or, if every room is in active use, a secluded corner revered by the family will fill the bill. Only the simplest furnishings are needed—a table, a Bible, a picture—for the pure corner in which to think and to be alone with God. Why don't you try it, too?

—ESTELLE S. BAUM

plants, the poinsettia, the holly, and the mistletoe. But we try to make them mean something special to our children by telling them stories.

Our favorite tale about the poinsettia comes from neighboring Mexico. Once there was a little girl, so the story goes, who was sad because she had no gift for the Christ child on Christmas Eve. As she began to cry, she knelt, praying that she might find some gift. When she opened her eyes, there at her feet where the tears had touched the ground, was a plant with wonderful scarlet leaves. Overjoyed, she gathered the blooms in her arms and took them to her church as her gift to the Christ child.

The holly with its prickly points is the link between the birth of the Savior and his sacrifice on Calvary, where he wore the crown of thorns. And the mistletoe, which has become such a gay challenge to kissable romantics, was once used to adorn church altars. The ancient druids thought it had unusual healing powers. To Christians it was a symbol of the healing powers of Jesus, and before receiving the Holy Sacrament, Christians of long ago would exchange a kiss as a token of reconciliation.



Christmas—Next Year

Mrs. Westervelt's article and the story from *Chattanooga* (pages 75-76) started us thinking about Christmas for 1959.

Do you have unusual observances in your home or church? If so, write us. Perhaps you can assist in creating an article to help others celebrate Christmas more meaningfully next year.—Eds.



As our children ponder these legends and stories, they are at least aware of the Christian emphasis running through our festivities. And I am sure they are impressed with how families in other countries celebrate the Christmas season, each in its own ways.

Once we had neighbors who had no children. Our youngsters loved to go to their house at Christmas time, for it was filled with evidences

of Christmas customs from far across the world and the centuries. A pair of small wooden shoes stayed just outside our neighbors' door, and the woman told how the Dutch St. Nicholas filled children's shoes instead of stockings. A collection of angels took the place of the customary plants on her window shelves. It included a fragile Dresden angel, an angelic choir of bright Mexican pottery, and exquisitely carved wooden angels from Finland. Seven candles were on the mantel—one to be lit each night the week before Christmas. On Christmas Eve all were blazing.

If you have forgotten how beautiful alternating garlands of ruby cranberries and snowy popcorn can be, let the kindergartner in your family use his bead-stringing skill this year. He may start a new tradition.

Ornaments on the tree can provide continuity, too. Many of ours are new and sparkling, others survive from the time I was a child. And some of the same childlike excitement comes back to me each year at Christmas time.

We trim our tree before supper on Christmas Eve so the children can share in its gradual transformation. The packages are brought in and piled in gay and mysterious profusion, but we never turn on the lights until after the stockings have been hung and the children are ready for bed. Then they stand, their eyes shining with excitement, while the room is darkened. Suddenly, with a touch of magic, the Christmas tree comes to life. It is the signal for our candlelighting ceremony to begin.

Surely, as they file upstairs, candles agleam, they know their stockings await a generous Santa Claus. And the next morning at dawn they will be as excited over presents as any children can be. But I think now of the years ahead.

When they are older and Santa Claus has slipped into his rightful place as a symbol of the jolly spirit of Christmas, they will have more than his generosity to remember. Christmas will bring flooding memories of childish voices singing "Sleep in heavenly peace" in the warm security of home . . . and of tiny candles flickering softly in the darkness as a reminder of the love of Christ radiating a beaming light into the dark corners of the world.

Insurance for Sure

By EDNA B. McBRIDE

THE PROBLEMS of retirement need not be overwhelming. They can be solved—just as my husband and I solved them several years ago. We invested in a home within a home for retired people—in our case, Wesley Gardens at Des Moines, Wash.

We did not want to become lonely old folks living in a cluttered, oversized house. We wanted interesting, diversified, and worth-while things to do. We wanted new and genial companions. And we wanted two assurances—help in case of sickness and an unchanging life for the one who lived longer.

In Wesley Gardens we found our dream retirement home. This project is only one of 77 sponsored by The Methodist Church. Any Protestant may enter, especially those active in church work. It consists of a modern, fireproof, five-story building, plus 29 cottages in the midst of 30 landscaped acres. Each floor of the building has a spacious, beautifully furnished lounge, two kitchens, a solarium, and a balcony. Near the entrance lobby are a fireplace lounge and well-stocked library.

The initial cost of entering, called the Founders' Fee, ranges from \$6,000 for one room to \$15,500 for a two-room suite. Each has a private bath, wall-to-wall carpeting, drapes, telephone, and TV connection. Occupants supply the furnishings.

The monthly charge is \$88 a person for food, heat, laundry, telephone, maid service, and nursing care. The first 60 days in the 29-bed infirmary are free. Each person has his personal physician and pays his fee. Residents control their own funds

and also keep their independence.

Residents, who must be over 65, can lead a life of ease. Recently, I had two men outside my suite cleaning the windows at the same time a maid was working inside. As I walked out, I dropped my laundry down a chute, then stepped into an elevator which carried me to the dining room where lunch was ready for me and my guests.

All my friends—including members of the younger generation—are enthusiastic about my top-floor suite overlooking Puget Sound. This is not so much retirement as a new phase of life.

When we entered the Gardens, my husband and I planned to make occasional trips and, as a starter, arranged to visit Hawaii. Suddenly, coronary thrombosis hit him. He survived only because nurses with oxygen were available immediately and a doctor within minutes. He lived happily for almost two years, until just past 75. Again and again, he told me, he was comforted by the knowledge that "whatever happens" I would have a good home and security so long as I lived. There would be no adjusting to a new life for me. That is how we planned it; that is how it has happened.

Time is never heavy on my hands

—not with a residents' association and 35 committees to arrange voluntary activities. Inside there are dramatics, music, parties, and flower-arranging jobs. Outdoors there are gardens to work, fruit harvesting, and construction projects. Other facilities include a beauty shop, social hall, ample storage space, hobby and game rooms, and equipment for sewing, weaving, carpentry, and painting. But most important are the regular religious activities.

Living here is fun—and meaningful. Life is anything but drab and monotonous; the cheerful surroundings change one's outlook as no physical therapy can. In this connection, I always think of the woman who entered just after her husband's death. She said she would never smile again—and for a time she didn't. But now she is the cheerful doer of tasks which others think disagreeable.

Frankly, when I came here I feared it would be depressing to live among so many elderly people. Instead, I find myself counting my blessings.

Often when I watch the ever-changing, ever-colorful sunsets from my window—how my husband loved them!—I think of his appraisal of our home:

"This is next door to heaven."



Living in this retirement home is fun and meaningful.

My husband described it as "next door to heaven."

Christmas With the Bandits in Old Wyoming

By DICK J. NELSON



IT HAPPENED 70 years ago when Crazy Horse and Custer were fresh memories in the new ranches of Wyoming west of the Black Hills. Ever since, I've tried to measure the full meaning of "good will to men" by the lesson Preacher Curran taught when he sent us up Salt Creek Canyon with Christmas doughnuts and cookies for Buck Hanby's gang.

The preacher urged it as much for us boys, I know now, as he did for the gunmen. "If you want compassion, you've got to show some," he used to rumble through the black gorge of that big beard. "If you want a friend, be one."

He and Dad planned it, I still believe, while my brother Frank and I were lashing the Estey organ into our wagon the morning after Gospel service at the Quarter Circle W ranch. "Nothing so good for growing boys as an experience in the realities," Preacher said, steadying one corner of the Estey down the mess-hall steps and across the yard to our rig. Dad only grunted.

But he and Preacher walked back to the mess-hall stoop and talked in low tones. Frank and I spread blankets over mother's beloved "box of angel music" and lashed it tight.

Preacher, at that point, 10 days and 170 cow-pony miles out of Custer City—and with a 100-mile circuit of

sagebrush and drifted canyons still ahead—looked a little like a buffalo bull himself. We watched him talking earnestly to Dad; suddenly his mittened hand shot out in an oratorical sweep and we caught the words "Hanby" and "Salt Creek Canyon." Dad's back was stiff for a second. Then he nodded. As they approached the wagon, Frank gave a low whistle of amazement but kept silent.

Preacher held out a furry paw to each of us. "Peace and good will to you and yours, and all men, Brother Nelson," he boomed, then waddled away toward his pinto.

Dad drove fast and in silence, Frank and I huddled against the blanketed sides of the organ. Once, as our eyes met, Frank leaned toward me and hissed, "Buck Hanby! Y'hear that? S'pose we'll get to see'm?"

I opened my mouth to answer, then thought better of it. Dad's lips and eyes framed the words so obviously that he might just as well have shouted, "Hush up!" Frank looked up, too. He was quicker than I was. Before I could think, he was shouting the chorus of *Throw Out the Life Line*. I tremuloed in on the third line.

The days slipped by. I had all but forgotten those spine-tingling whispers about Buck Hanby's gang when,

while eating breakfast December 23, Dad said to my mother, "Molly, wish you and the girls would make a big batch of doughnuts and cookies today. Early tomorrow I aim to take the boys on a call."

"A call? Where will you find anybody to call on tomorrow? That's the day before Christmas—Christmas Eve—you know."

"Know it well enough." Dad looked sheepish. "Preacher says 'good will to men' means everybody. I aim we should live up to it and take a parcel to the Hanby gang."

For a second, I thought Mother would keel over. But finally a smile slipped across her lips.

"Why, of course," she laughed. "The Hanbys are our gang, aren't they? We're really responsible for them at Christmas. Get busy, May and Dot, quick with the dishes. May, set the fat kettle on. We're going to make doughnuts and sugar cookies for . . . uh . . . our neighbors."

Frank trailed me over to the corral before we finished our chores that morning. "Jumping jack rabbits," he whispered, "s'pose we'll really miss Christmas?"

"Dunno," I managed to whisper back before Frank's voice excitedly went on: "Hanby's killed a lot of men. Bang, bang! Just like that. The kids over at the Quarter Circle W



*Dad pushed the slab-pine
door open . . . I edged up to him.
. . . the lights resolved into
gun barrels . . . pointed straight at us.*

got as much need for a Christmas parcel as you have. Maybe more."

"Yes, sir." Frank jumped to the ground and scampered off.

By noon the kitchen smelled like all the candy in Sundance and Deadwood rolled into one gorgeous aroma. There were sugar cookies cut like bells. There were doughnuts sprinkled with cinnamon sugar, some twisted and shiny brown that seemed a foot long. There were square cookies perfumed with sorghum and brown sugar and star-shaped cookies with "Merry Christmas" dribbled on them in pink frosting. Ma and the girls wrapped all of them in soft tan paper. Frank and Dad and I rode out early the next morning.

Salt Creek Canyon was northeast of our place, not far from where U.S. 16 today swings up between "The Oil City" and Osage. A few months earlier, Buck Hanby and his men rode in from the south and holed in there.

"Lots of gossip," Dad told us as we jogged across the hills that afternoon. "Nobody really knows what it's all about. If and when the sheriff wants Hanby, he'll go in after him. Until then, he's our neighbor and this is Christmas Eve."

When we reached the canyon mouth, Dad stopped. "Single file from here on," he ordered. "Frank,

you're last. If they shoot, you light out for Mondell's. Tell him to round up a posse."

Bushies grew high along the trail; thick enough for a dozen men to hide. I fixed my eyes on Dad. He rode with his head high and kind of smiling. But he had the reins bunched in his left hand. The right hand rested on his thigh, close to his Colt.

As we topped the rise to the canyon floor, a smudge of smoke eddied up from a log and stone dugout. And just then a man stepped out from behind a scrub pine and walked toward us, hands tight against his trouser seams.

"Sit right here. Let him come to us," Dad ordered without turning his head. Then, while my teeth chattered, he raised that right arm and waved it, real casual and friendly-like.

The man came on, keeping close to the trees, his hands still tight along the pants legs. He was young and limber with coal black hair. He wasn't smiling any.

Dad sat statue-still. He gave a little smile. "I sure hope," he said, "Preacher Curran has a real nice Christmas."

The man walked slowly to within a dozen feet of us. He was not much older than I was. He looked us up and down, stared down the trail behind us, up into the bushes and trees, finally to the top of the canyon wall. His hands moved away from the slim hips then for the first time. The right one came up in a little wave of greeting. "Hi," he said. "Lookin' fer somethin'?"

"We're the Nelsons from down on Oil Creek," Dad said. "Your nearest neighbors. And it's Christmas Eve. Thought we'd come calling."

The youngster just stood there.

"You know how women folk are," Dad grinned. "A neighbor's a neighbor till he proves himself otherwise. They made some doughnuts and fancy fixings. Allowed as how you might not have good cooking facilities up here."

"Y'mean," the youngster licked his lips. "Y'mean your wimmen baked some doughnuts for us?"

Dad nodded down toward his saddlebag. "Open her up," he invited. "Taste one. If we ain't welcome here on Christmas Eve, carry the rest of them on in and we'll jog back home

said so. Betcha we're gonna hafta sneak up on him and shoot it out before we can deliver Ma's cookies."

Dad's voice came from behind us. "Stow the blood-and-thunder stuff. You've both got work ahead of you."

I scuttled off the fence and started back toward the saddle room. Frank was more deliberate. "We really get to carry guns, Dad?" he asked.

"Nobody carries any guns but me. And I don't want to hear a word more."

"But . . . gee whiz . . . they're . . ."

"I heard you the first time. Everybody says they're killers." Dad's voice was slow. "They haven't killed anybody around here. When they do, we'll handle it. Until they do, they're just a bunch of lonely men hiding out in that canyon. They've

now. Getting kind of late, anyway."

Wordlessly the youngster glided to the saddlebag and snatched out the top packet. Ma's precious rice paper ripped open; the saddlebag contents began sending out the headiest perfume ever wafted up Salt Creek. The youngster buried his face against the package. When he looked up, there was a tear trickle down each side of his nose. "I swan," he gulped. "I do swan. You wait here. I'll be right back." He ran off toward the dugout, holding the packet in front of him.

Dad sat stock-still. "Preacher," he said mostly to himself, "I guess you're right on the bull's eye."

Once, after the youngster had kicked open the dugout door and darted through, package first, we saw the door open again and a bearded face peer out. It was a good five minutes before Black Hair appeared again, his hands once more tight against his pants.

"Fellers say you're tuh leave the horses heah," he twanged. "Bring them goodies if you're still a' mind to. And, misteh, you cache them shootin' irons with me."

Dad got down, handed over his Colt, and didn't so much as glance at the saddle scabbard where his Winchester rifle gleamed. He piled all the parcels from the saddlebag onto his left arm, then beckoned to us. I thought I'd fall flat on that trail. Frank's cheeks showed white. But we single filed toward the dugout, with young Black Hair stalking at the rear, holding Dad's Colt.

Dad pushed the slab-pine door open and stood still. I edged up to him and felt Frank's head pressing against my shoulder. The first thing I could see in the gloomy room were four twinkling lights. Then the lights resolved into gun barrels. They were pointed straight at us, with a man behind each.

Dad spoke gently. "If this is the way to say, 'Merry Christmas,' I guess we've been brought up wrong."

The skinny fellow in front tossed his gun on the bunk behind him. "Put'm away, boys," he ordered and walked over to Dad with his right hand out. "I'm real sorry, Misteh Nelson, suh. We are wrongfully hunted men up heah. Takin' every precaution. Ah'm highly honohed, suh, fuh this Yulesome visit."

The three other guns slicked back into holsters. The men walked toward Dad, each with his right hand extended. Each grabbed Dad's free hand and shook it, mumbling "pleased to meet yuh." The last one bent his head low over Ma's parcels. "Y'mean," he said, "we can just sit here all day Christmas an' smell them lovely things?"

Skinny laughed then and Dad laughed, too. "Guess there might be more where they came from . . . if we're really going to be neighbors," he said.

"Neighbors is as neighbors does, we used to say back in Dodge City," said Skinny, waving a hand toward a bench. "Have seats, gennulmen."

"You say Dodge City?" Dad asked. "We homesteaded in Kansas before we came here."

"Buck Hanby, suh," Skinny said mournfully. "I'm a hunted man, Misteh Nelson. These here's muh friends and supportehs."

"Haven't heard of any warrants out," Dad drawled. "Just a lot of rumor kicked up because of the way you're living back here."

Hanby sat silently, head bowed. "Buck's got real bad enemies down in Kansas," one of the men said. "His brother run a place out Dodge

Dick Nelson was born on the plains of western Kansas. When a small lad, he went with his family to a Wyoming cattle ranch. After a spell of riding the range, he got into railroading. Now he's in his 80's, retired, and lives at San Diego—where he made a discovery that surprised him. He has a flair for public speaking and writing! On a visit to Chicago he told us about his boyhood brush with the Buck Hanby gang, so we ask him to write it out. We're sure you'll agree it's as unusual a Christmas story as ever you've read.—Eds.

City way. Buck's riding into town one night and hears shootin'. He walks in and there's three fellers peggin' away with his brother sprawled out on the floor, lookin' real dead. Buck jus' hauled steel and let all three of them have it.

"Turned out he was a better shot than t' others. His brother was just huggin' the floor to stay away from

bullets. Them three fellers was all th' way to glory when the sheriff showed. Rushed Buck to the calaboose and writ out a murder charge agin him."

"Gennulmen here," Buck smiled, "they kinda . . . mm . . . rescued me. We come up heah right fast. Aim to stay a year or so."

"Anyway," his pal went on, "till your sheriff comes snoopin' or we hear there's a new judge in Dodge."

"What's to be," Dad said, "is the Lord's will. Right now, I reckon you ought to have some roast antelope to go along with what we brought."

"Blackie theah," Buck nodded toward young Black Hair, "is real handy on a rifle. He can shoot buttons off a shirt at 200 yards."

My knees felt funny again as I thought back at the three of us poised against the skyline.

"Down our way, we have plenty of antelope," Dad said. "Blackie could pick one off easy. If you'd care to, send him over first thing in the morning. I suspect Molly has some potatoes and root stuff and maybe a little homemade bread 'n butter to go with it."

"Misteh Nelson," Buck hung his head again for a moment, "if I were a rightful godly man, the way I was brought up, I'd say 'God bless and rest you and your family.'"

"Anytime you got a mind to it," Dad said, uncrossing his legs, "the Lord will have his ears open. All you got to do is get down on your knees and start talking."

The four sat like rocks. Dad got up, beckoned to Frank and me, and started for the door. Black Hair held out a hand with Dad's loaded Colt. Dad took it, walked to the door, and let Frank and me sidle past.

"Merry Christmas, boys," he said. "Blackie, stop around in the morning." He closed the door quietly.

In silence, we crossed the open space, mounted, and started off. The first stars glimmered and far away a light shone that could only be home.

"Dad," Frank said finally, "remember what Preacher said about 'If you want a friend, be a friend'? Well, I sure know now what he meant."

Dad patted Frank between the shoulder blades. "Just hang on to it, boy. For the rest of your life."

*In these memorable pictures, the artist-photographer
remembered for her "Twelve Disciples" in October, 1957,
gives new insight into seven unforgettable personalities:*

Women of the Bible

OUR readers' reaction to Mrs. Suné Richards' *The Twelve Disciples* was so enthusiastic that we soon asked her to undertake another ambitious project: find counterparts of the Bible's immortal women among persons living today.

Her months-long search covered many states and unusual places. She found one subject on a city bus—just as she had found her model for Simon. Fate—or was it some greater power?—led her to Martha.

"I had lost my way in Iowa," she says, "and stopped at a farmhouse for directions. The housewife asked me if I would stay for iced tea, since it was a hot day. I stayed for tea, I stayed for supper, I stayed all night!"

Mrs. Richards, a graduate minister as well as an artist and photographer, wanted her pictures to reflect the faith of the Bible's most notable women, their spiritual experiences, and relationship with God. Some of her subjects—the two-page reproduction of Mary, the mother of Jesus, for example (pages 38-39)—were obvious ones.

So was Esther (right), one of the Bible's bravest women, who is shown pleading for her people. Chosen as the wife of King Ahasuerus, who offered to grant her any request "even ...to the half of my kingdom," she averted a massacre of her race. In her, as in most of the others, we find grace, courage—and boundless faith.

—YOUR EDITORS.



—Copyright 1958 by Alberta Ray (Suné) Richards



—Copyright 1958 by Alberta Rue (Suné) Richards

*R*UTH lived 13 centuries before Christ and, according to Matthew, was the great-grandmother of King David. Her story of loyal devotion and abiding love for her mother-in-law, the aged Naomi, is one of the Bible's most touching stories. She left her own land of Moab, after her husband's death, to accompany Naomi on the long and

perilous journey to Judah. "...for where you go I will go, and where you lodge I will lodge; your people shall be my people, and your God my God..." A young and beautiful woman, Ruth helped support herself and Naomi by working in the fields along the way. Thus, she came eventually to the fields of Boaz, a well-to-do landowner, who befriended her and later became her husband.

THE ELECT LADY. Though some prefer to think of her as a church, rather than as a woman, the Elect Lady is visualized here as a person. If so, the woman to whom John wrote in his Second Epistle must have represented to him the love of a mother for her children. She may even have played the role of a mother to other people's

children. Although she is never identified in the Bible, she must have had a Christian home, where she served as teacher, counselor, and protector. So today the Elect Lady is a challenge to all women who would set an example of a Christian life before children. In selecting her model, Mrs. Richards chose a friend who works with children and enjoys a wonderful understanding of them.







—Copyright 1958 by Alberta Ray (Sun) Richards

MARY, mother of Jesus and the most honored, revered woman of all time. An obscure peasant girl, she was to become the most blessed among women—Madonna and virgin, symbol of all mothers.

When the angel appeared before her, this little Galilean maid became possessed of a tremendous secret. "The Holy Spirit will come upon you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you;

therefore the child to be born will be called holy, the Son of God." Pious and pure of heart, Mary accepted this humbly: "Behold I am the handmaid of the Lord; let it be to me according to your word." In Mrs. Richards' portrait, Mary's face reflects not only the awe she felt, but also the great responsibility she was to bear with complete faith in God. And on that first Christmas morning, Mary was the first to share history's most glorious news. "Be

not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people; for to you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord." Shepherds went in haste to find the child lying in a manger.

From conception to Crucifixion, Mary is the most important woman in the Bible. Adoration, writes Mrs. Edith Deen in *All the Women of the Bible*, is not only ageless, but also classless and raceless.

*M*ARY OF BETHANY, the sister of Martha. So great was her reverence for Christ that she poured the costly ointment on his travel-weary feet and dried them with her hair. When Judas rebuked her for her extravagance, saying the money should be given the poor, Jesus said to Judas, who would betray him: "Let her alone, let her

keep it for the day of my burial!" Gentle and devoted, Mary sat at Christ's feet, drinking in every word. So absorbed was she that Martha was left alone to prepare the meal. When Martha protested, saying: "Lord, do you not care that my sister has left me to serve alone?" Jesus replied Mary had chosen something greater—"the good portion, which shall not be taken away from her."





*M*ARTHA, sister of Lazarus, attentive and affectionate hostess when Christ came to visit her home in Bethany, a woman whose faith was complete. After Lazarus was put in the tomb, she said to Jesus: "Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died." To Martha then Jesus uttered some of the most comforting words in

the Bible: "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live, and whoever lives and believes in me shall never die." Martha is portrayed here after Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead. She is serving food to Jesus and his disciples. Her expression hints that she wishes she, too, could sit along with her sister, Mary, at the feet of Christ as he talked.



—Copyright 1958 by Alberta Rae (Sue) Richards

*S*AMARITAN woman at the well. Alone, nameless, careworn, she heard Jesus ask her for a drink of water the day he stopped at Jacob's well near Sychar. "How is it that you, a Jew, ask a drink of me, a woman of Samaria?" she asked. To her then Jesus preached one of his most important sermons, saying: "Everyone who drinks of this

water will thirst again, but whoever drinks of the water that I shall give him will never thirst..." Whatever the Samaritan woman's past life had been, the Savior must have seen a great deal of the good in her. Converted at the well and leaving her water jar, the woman hurried into Sychar to proclaim the news of her Lord's presence. Mrs. Richards served as her own model here.

Teens Together

By Richmond Barbour



Dr. Barbour's counseling helps teens solve problems.

Q My girl friend and I are on the spot. We met some boys and went for a ride with them. We told them we were 17, but we really are 14. We let them believe that we drank. We thought we would never see them again. They learned where we live and have asked us to go to a party with them. What should we do?—D.F.

A Phone them and decline the invitation. Don't go out with them. As you say, you made a mistake. But the results won't be too serious if it ends here. Truth is best, always and all ways.

Q I'll be 16 next month. My girl is 1½ years older. Her brothers say I'm too young for her and that she's robbing the cradle. My parents think it's OK for us to go together. Am I really too young?—B.S.

A No. Your dating together is a bit unusual. It is more common for girls to go with boys who are a little older. But the difference doesn't seem too great.

Q I'm 17 and usually have good sense. I try to be a Christian. One night I did something too awful to tell. I'm having a breakdown over it. I pray for forgiveness, yet I feel as though I can't be forgiven. Can anybody help me?—G.F.

A Forgiveness is a basic part of Christianity and one of God's great blessings. Forgiveness involves such things as sincere repentance, reformation,

faith. Talk with your minister about it. Tell him everything. He will show you the way.

Q I'm 17 and going steady. I can have only one date a week. I must be home before 11 p.m. My father takes me to and from the parties, so I'm with my boy friend only a short time. My mother says her parents were even stricter with her. Haven't times changed since then? How can I convince my parents they are too strict?—L.K.

A Ask your parents to find the answers to these questions: Are you and your boy friend nice, responsible, young Christians? Do all the other kids of your church crowd have more freedom than you? Are they getting along well? If the answers are yes, they may conclude that they can safely relax their rules a bit.

Q In the past I never argued with my folks. Now we fight over everything. I'm 15. Dad thinks I'm awful. Mother says she's ready to give up. They both say I mess around too much. I try to be good, but quarrels start fast. Is something fundamentally wrong?—J.R.

A Nearly all young people go through periods of rebellion against their parents. The peak often comes at about 15. You have strong impulses toward independence, and your parents see your weaknesses more clearly than you do. They see dangers which you miss and they try to protect you. Also, teen-age conduct has

changed since they were your age. These changes make parents uncomfortable. Probably there is nothing fundamentally wrong—you just need to be patient. Plan ahead and continue to try to avoid trouble. Teach yourself not to argue. Write out your family rules so everyone knows what to expect. Ask your parents to talk with other parents of teen-agers.

Q My mother married again recently. I'm 16, and my new stepfather criticizes me. He thinks I shouldn't get new clothes and he scolds me because I like rock 'n' roll. What can I do about him?—N.P.

A Ask your mother to get your new stepfather to leave your guidance to her. It would be best if he could keep hands off awhile. Not many new stepfathers can do a good job of fathering. It takes time to develop love, insight, and understanding.

Q My mother believes in total abstinence from alcohol. I thought my father did, too, until I saw him drinking beer. I was surprised. He tells me the temperance lessons I've learned are too extreme. Now I don't know what to believe. I'm 13. For grownups, is alcohol really harmful?—E.M.

A Alcohol is a depressant, temporarily deadening the nervous system. If enough is consumed it causes death. Recently I followed some doctors' experiments in the controlled use of moderate quantities of alcohol by certain people. Their conclusion was that the people were better off without

And There Were Shepherds

By ROY L. SMITH

THERE IS a tradition that the shepherds who kept watch over their flocks that first Christmas Eve were chosen for that task because of their faithfulness, piety, and devotion. Such qualities were necessary, for the sheep these men were guarding were to be sacrificed on holy altars. To such men was made the first announcement of the birth of the Savior.

There is significance in the fact that these humble men learned the great truth several days before the Wise Men. The Scripture indicates that the Christ child was several days old before the Magi appeared in Bethlehem. Many times, similar men of faith have gone ahead of men of wisdom. And a true religious faith often finds it necessary to go out ahead of documentary evidence or logical proof.

In this connection, I often think of the aged woman in the African bush who heard for the first time of Jesus and God's love. After listening to the preacher, she disappeared into her hut, and emerged a few minutes later with her arms full of household gods and charms. Smashing the idols to bits, she tossed them, with the charms, into the river. Then, with an expression of satisfaction, she resumed her place in the circle around the missionary.

"Somehow," she said, "I always believed there had to be a God like that." Her soul had sensed what her mind could not prove.

This is one of the majesties of the Christian faith. It answers the highest, holiest impulses and convictions within the heart. There is something in the message of Jesus which persuades us that the best things we can possibly believe, and the highest hopes we can entertain,

have the endorsement of heaven.

There is something moving in the words of that shepherd who said to his companions that night, "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened." Note that he did not say "see if this thing has happened." Deep down in his heart he knew it was true before he ever started toward Bethlehem.

Deep within the souls of men there are instincts that lead them in the direction of justice, honor, decency, and God. There are those things they believe to be true and eternal, even though they cannot prove them. There are those causes to which they will give themselves without dispute or persuasion.

Let nothing be said in deprecation of the adoration of the Wise Men. Their defenders may say that they had a long way to travel and that they ought to be excused for being tardy with their praise and their purses. But it is one of the common experiences of life that wisdom lingers long behind intuition. The shepherds are always ahead of the philosophers; the people who enjoy their religion are always ahead of the theologians who explain it.

It was the common people—those who were near of kin to the shepherds—who heard Jesus gladly, and it was a wise man who came to him by night to inquire the way according to logic and reason. Perhaps if Nicodemus had been able to follow his heart, instead of being held behind by his head, he might have come in broad daylight.

There is something heartening about the words, "There were shepherds in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night." For all of us are nearer of kin to the shepherds than to the Wise Men.

it. About one adult social drinker in 10 becomes an alcoholic. Half of our traffic deaths stem from alcohol. We'd all be better off if everyone practiced total abstinence.

Q *I worked hard this summer and saved all my money. Now I want to spend it on my hobby—stamps. My mother thinks I should put every penny in the bank. She said she'd reconsider if you thought she should. It is my money, isn't it?—A.M.*

A Yes, it is. Yet your mother has a right to be concerned. Will you compromise? Spend part of it for stamps and save the rest.

Q *We are arguing about homework. I'm 13, and my parents think I should finish all my studying before I watch TV. My favorite programs come early. I'd like to see them, then study. Is that wrong?—S.M.*

A It may not be wrong, but it isn't wise. Your chief job now is school. Homework is an important part of it. Better get your work done first.

Q *I'm having an argument with my dad. He says nice girls don't ask boys to go to parties. A girl just invited me to an MYF picnic. She's 13 and I'm 14. Was she bad?—L.B.*

A Practices vary. In some places girls don't do such things. In others, it is expected of them. Girls have more freedom now than when your dad was a teen-ager. I wouldn't say she was bad for inviting you.

Q *I'm a boy, but my name sounds like a girl. The kids tease me about it. I've had many fights. What can I do?—M.G.*

A Have you a nickname? Ask your friends to use it. Try not to show that the teasing bothers you. When the kids find they can't hurt your feelings, they'll stop.

TEENS' ANSWERMAN: *That's Dr. Barbour to teen-agers with personal problems. To get the help of this experienced counselor, write to him c/o Together, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Names and addresses remain confidential.—Eds.*

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY PASTORS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

NOVEMBER 23

But to what shall I compare this generation? It is like children sitting in the market places and calling to their playmates, "We piped to you, and you did not dance; we wailed, and you did not mourn."—Matthew 11:16-17

TODAY'S spirit of materialism parallels the spirit of the market place of Jesus' day. In that ancient market place the "playmates" heeded not the music to dance, nor the wail to mourn. Many of this generation are so absorbed in materialism and secularism that they heed not the voice of God, whether he speaks in loving kindness or in wrath.

Materialism perverts one's sense of values, it blinds the eye to reality, it closes the ear to the voice of duty, it insidiously causes men to sacrifice time, talent, and life itself for the transient. Secularism, if not eliminating the Church altogether, would put it on the level of all other institutions. Secularism would suck all the divine vitality from the Church. Divine utterances would become just so many human rules and regulations. A secular society is not a secure society. To be sustained, any society must have the element of sacrifice. Religion alone produces the motive for sacrifice. If true religion is proscribed, then a false religion will prevail, for men are intuitively religious. Thus, this secularism, whatever form it may take, becomes idolatry—a sin against God.

The fact that our generation is so saturated with the spirit of materialism and secularism greatly concerns the conscientious churchman. He realizes he must not play with the eternal realities. He dare not take a child's attitude toward them. Rather, he must sharpen his focus on the truth, deepen his de-

votion to his God, make stronger and more penetrating his witness for Christ and the Church.

He must come to possess the spirit of His Lord. Dr. Frank C. Laubach is quoted as saying that 49 times Jesus declared he never did anything or said anything or thought anything but the will of his Father in heaven. The secret of his life is to be found right here. He had implicit and joyous obedience to the will of the Father. So must we.

When the Christian heeds the voice of Christ as he says, "But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be yours as well" (Matthew 6:33), secondary and marginal things will be sloughed off and he will give himself wholly and in great earnestness to eternal realities.

Prayer: Our Father, forgive us if we have played at this great redemptive task that calls for our all. Give us increased sensitivity to thy voice and the needs of those about us. In Christ's name. Amen.

—CHARLES W. GRANT

Charles W. Grant, Memphis, Tenn.



Charles T. Ferrell, Roanoke, Ala.



Edward H. Carruth, Lyons, Ga.



E. W. J. Schmitt, Oakland, Calif.



NOVEMBER 30

But be doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves.—James 1:22

A MAN, whose wife had read many books on psychiatry, and talked about it constantly, became fed up. He asked a famous minister what to do. The preacher answered, "Try the ear-to-ear technique—in one and out the other, with no stop in between."

This was probably good advice for the dejected husband, but for the average churchgoer, this suggestion is not needed. Too many people let the pastor's words go in one ear and out the other.

To James the difficulty in preaching was not God's part but man's. The message was given by the speaker, but the ones who were supposed to receive it were not doing so. The sermon for most was in vain. To James the only real value in church attendance was for the word "heard" to become the words "at work." The listener should move from the passive to the active voice. To be a doer is the real test.

The debate has been going on for centuries: Which is more essential, love, faith, or work? The Apostle John emphasized love. Paul and Luther said faith was the thing; James said work. John and Paul were misinterpreted. The idea of love and faith was abused. One had to do nothing, it was contended, as long as he believed or loved. James tried to correct the matter. It was work—action—that counted. All three were right. There needed to be a synthesis of the three. Each apostle meant to convey Jesus' meaning when he said, "Come follow me." Paul did not mean to leave out work in his interpretation of faith. John did not want to leave out work or faith in his view of love. James when he stated, "Be doers," did not intend to say that all one needs to be is God's errand boy.

True worshipers are described in Acts 17:11, "Now these Jews were more noble than those in Thessalonica, for they received the word with all eagerness, examining the scriptures daily to see if these things were so."

Prayer: Our Father, thy Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom. Strengthen thy servants to pray and labor and wait for its appearing. Forgive our little faith and the weakness of our efforts. May we be good listeners, good soil, that we may bear forth fruit, some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundredfold. Amen.

—CHARLES T. FERRELL

DECEMBER 7

But he refused, and said to him, "Go home to your friends, and tell them how much the Lord has done for you, and how he has had mercy on you."
—Mark 5:19

A SCOTTISH agnostic, who had been the object of numerous evangelistic efforts, attended the village church one

Sunday. Later he returned and united with the church, to the surprise of many of the members.

When asked what led to his decision to unite with the church, the man replied: "The little woman I helped down the steps after the first service I attended. She looked at me earnestly and said, 'I do hope you love Jesus as much as I do. He has done so much for me!'"

Jesus knew there is no more powerful testimony on God's behalf than the declaration of his love by those who have received his blessings. And he knew also that there is no field so fruitful as one's own village and circle of friends. Thus he refused the demoniac's request to accompany him. Instead, he said, "Go home to your friends, and tell them how much the Lord has done for you."

While this is the most fruitful field for witnessing, it is not the easiest. This is the test of religious devotion and the measure of real gratitude. By returning to the familiar home scene and making a steady witness to the love and redemptive power of God, we cause our lives to fulfill Christ's command: "Let your light so shine before men . . ."

Christianity's greatest challenge occurs on the home front. To witness there requires heroism and great skill.

Christ's direction to "Go home to your friends . . ." is in harmony with the instruction given the disciples in Acts 1:8. They were to witness first in Jerusalem, then in Judea and Samaria, and finally unto the end of the earth. On this Commitment Sunday we should remember that the fulfillment of discipleship requires that we be fruitful servants. As we declare what God has done for us we will find, like the demoniac, that obedience to our Lord's command causes men to marvel.

Prayer: Gracious God, our Father, help us to realize the many things thou hast done for us. Give us that grace of gratitude which will cause us to declare thy love and mercy to all men. Amen.

—EDWARD H. CARRUTH

DECEMBER 14

As he landed he saw a great throng, and he had compassion on them, because they were like sheep without a shepherd; and he began to teach them many things.—Mark 6:34

IT is a far cry from the rural days of Jesus to the urbanized civilization of today. Far more than half of the population of the United States is to be found in cities. But the people have not changed in 2,000 years. The crowds are far greater in number, but more than ever they are a lonely crowd. They are still like sheep without a shepherd. To be sure, the pastoral figure that Jesus used on the hillsides of Palestine seems out of place in a great sprawling city with winding freeways, roaring traffic, and towering skyscrapers. But the "lostness" of our city dwellers crowded into large tenements is just as real as was the condition of the throng on which Jesus had compassion so long ago.

What can be done for the lonely and the lost in our great cities today? Is the answer to be found in new and better homes, lovely open spaces and recreation areas? These are very important, but we still need the one thing that Jesus taught—the basic principle which he shared with the crowd and with the individual. If we turn to our Bibles we will hear Jesus' words again as he speaks, not just to Nicodemus, but to all of us: "Truly, truly, I say to you, unless one is born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3:3). Another translation says that we must be "renewed from above."

True renewal, then, does not begin on the drafting boards of city planning commissions, or in the offices of contractors who will erect efficient apartments or lovely homes. Renewal begins in the hearts of those who live and work in the structures that must be rehabilitated and redeveloped. Jesus taught that this renewal was made possible by the grace of God. When men respond to that grace there is let loose the dynamic which can transform deteriorating cities of men into glorious cities of God. Men, too, will be made new.

Prayer: Loving Lord, speak to my heart this day. Help me to see that I can be an instrument for the transforming of all that surrounds me, even the city, itself, which seems to dwarf the individual. For the Bible I am truly grateful, but help me to so use the Word that I may find the renewing power that will change me and my community. I ask this in the name of the compassionate Jesus. Amen.

—E. W. J. SCHMITT



Dr. Nall
Answers Questions
About

Your Faith and Your Church

Does the Bible mention gambling?

Yes, but references are few—probably because gambling was not as serious a moral problem in Bible times as it is with us.

There was prostitution under temple auspices and the prophets lashed out against it. They did not censure gambling to build new churches or to help the needy, for religious institutions had not yet fallen into the trap of such worldliness.

What is this 'amazing grace'?

The wonder of it leaves us breathless, but the stirring hymn that our fathers loved better than we do, I fear, fails to define grace.

Here is an easy, far from adequate definition: Grace is what God does for us beyond our deserving. We may be, in Henley's words, authors of our fate and captains of our souls, but God alone is the source of our salvation. Sorry for our sins, resolved to do better, we are still unworthy to walk with him. But he reaches out to us and draws us to him. He saves

"Gain without merit, and gain through another's loss" (to use Herbert Spencer's definition of gambling) had not been put into clericals.

The church that blesses this "something for nothing" philosophy, on any pretext, flies in the face of the clear teaching of Jesus, who insisted that we must put away selfishness and greed and give all we have to the Kingdom.

us through grace that is amazing.

Grace is no impersonal gift, packaged for our use, gift wrapped and properly labeled so that we can know where it comes from. It is God's holy companionship offered us through someone we can see, even Jesus Christ. Paul says, "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself."

So, good works are not grace, and sacraments are only means of grace. And we are not "justified by faith" but more correctly "by grace through faith." Grace leads us home!

What was the star of Bethlehem?

Nobody knows for sure.

If the Wise Men (a translation of the Greek *magi*, probably referring to Median or Persian priests who were "watchers of the skies") saw a conjunction of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, that would satisfy the astronomers.

In their orbiting around the sun, these three planets sometimes (about once every eight centuries) come into a position where the viewer from the earth sees them in a line as one big star. And this took place in 7 or 6 B.C. (Some objectors say that this had to take place in daylight so that it could be seen only if an expert astronomer knew precisely

what he was looking for in the sky.)

Maybe it was Halley's Comet, which was visible on October 8, 12 B.C. That, too, would satisfy the astronomers.

But not the religionists. For them the "star in the East" is not a fact of science but of faith. The men of the time when Jesus was born had no doubts in their minds; they were sure that nature itself took recognition of the tremendous event, and men came from distant parts of the earth to worship the Christ child.

Dr. T. Otto Nall is editor of The New Christian Advocate, a graduate of Garrett Biblical Institute, and the author of several books, the latest of which is The Bible When You Need It Most (Reflection Book, Association Press).



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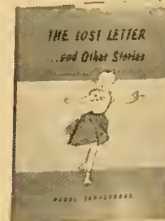
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Looks at New Books



The Magic Horse, from The Arabian Nights

ONE of the big moments of every Christmas when I was a boy came when one of the adults—usually my grandfather—took time after Christmas dinner to read to me from some book I had found on the tree.

That was how I first became acquainted with such favorites as *Robinson Crusoe*, *Treasure Island*, and, of course *The Arabian Nights*. And that is why a young nephew who has been enchanted by one or two of the old Persian tales I have read to him is going to get a copy of *The Arabian Nights* (Criterion, \$4.95) for Christmas.

In this version, **Amabel Williams-Ellis** has retold the old stories especially for young people in fresh, fast-moving style. And to the better-known favorites she has added such less-familiar stories as the charming Pomegranate of the Sea and the fable of Bird and Bird-Catcher.

Sixteen color illustrations, looking for all the world like Persian tapestries, and plentiful black-and-white drawings by Pauline Diana Baynes delight the eye. And notes for adults give sources and historical data—even suggest food and costumes for a children's Arabian Nights party.

For more than a century the world has puzzled over the giant stone figures, some weighing 50 tons, strewn over Easter Island in the Pacific. What ancient instruments could have hewn them? How could they have been moved from place to place by primitive means?

It was natural that Norwegian explorer **Thor Heyerdahl** would try to find the answer. In 1947 he and five

companions sailed from Peru to Polynesia on a balsa raft, Kon-Tiki, to prove that Peruvian Indians could have made the voyage 1,000 years before Columbus.

Aku-Aku (Rand McNally, \$6.95) is the story of the Heyerdahl expedition to Easter Island. "Señor Kon-Tiki," as the Easter Islanders called the expedition's leader, already had great stature in their eyes because of his voyage on the raft. And a series of events turned to good account by Heyerdahl's knowledge of their superstitions convinced them he was a descendant of their once mighty ancestors. He must, they decided, have a powerful Aku-Aku, or guardian spirit.

Heyerdahl investigated the sacred, relic-filled caves of the islanders and with the cave-owners' permission, brought away valuable carvings and masks. He even photographed the pages of a book containing the island's mysterious picture writing.

Solved to Heyerdahl's satisfaction was the mystery of the statues. He was told they had been quarried by the "Long Ears," a tribe that later was massacred by the "Short Ears," leaving only a handful of descendants. These descendants showed him how the statues had been chiseled by expertly wielded stone picks, "walked" across the land on wooden sledges, and raised by laboriously wedging stone after stone under them.

All this bolstered Heyerdahl's theory that the ancestors of the "Long Ears" and other Polynesian people were originally from the west coast of South America. Whether he is correct is for experts to decide. *Aku-Aku*, in any case, is a first-rate archaeological detective story.

Few people of any age have captured the world's imagination as has Dr. Albert Schweitzer. Physician, philosopher, theologian, musician, humanitarian—he has become a living legend.

In contrast to some other biographies of the great doctor of the jungle, **Robert Payne's** *Three Worlds of Albert Schweitzer* (Thomas Nelson \$3.50) does not distort our final image. Neither, for the most part, is it overly reverent or cloyingly eulogistic.

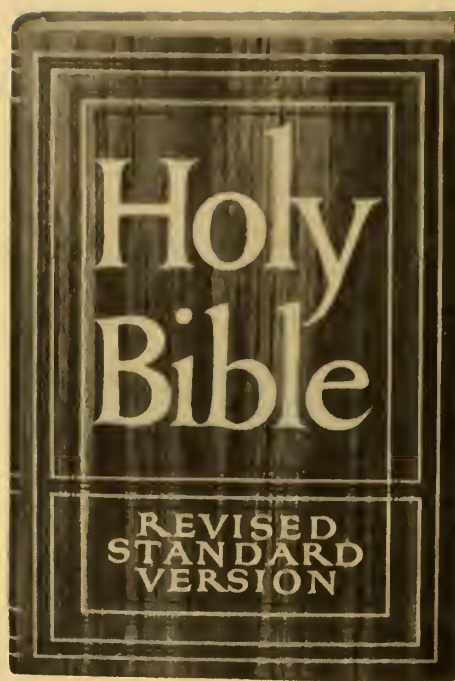
In preparation for this book, Payne who once lived in South Africa, visited Alsace, wandered over the fields where Dr. Schweitzer spent his youth, and stopped in towns where he lived in early manhood. His work adds some new dimensions to our understanding of a great man.

If your yen for "release literature" inclines you westward, *Pawnee Bill* by **Glenn Shirley** (University of New Mexico Press, \$5) may be for you. Though I found a few factual slip-ups I reveled in this bang-bang biography of Major Gordon W. Lillic, who was both friend and rival of the better-remembered Wild West showman Buffalo Bill.

One of my co-workers, here at 740 N. Rush Street, honed my interest in Pawnee's wife, May, who won fame as "the girl dead shot." Seems that in later years May was a member of my colleague's Presbyterian-minister grandfather's church, down in Oklahoma and enjoyed sewing and other ladies aid doings.

It's fashionable among historians these days to batter at the thesis of Frederick Jackson Turner, who found

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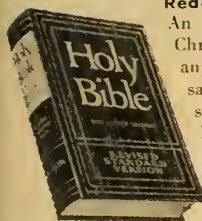
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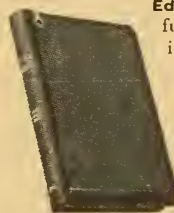
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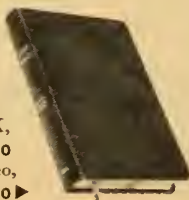
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To Make Bible Reading More Meaningful

December 14 is Universal Bible Sunday. Many volumes have been published to help us read the Bible with deeper understanding. Dr. T. Otto Nall, editor of The New Christian Advocate and contributing editor of TOGETHER, recommends five.

A Guide to Understanding the Bible, by Harry Emerson Fosdick (Harper's, \$3.50). First issued in 1938, this tremendous book has remained high on the list because it sets forth the historical approach to the Book of Books, with its sacred volumes put together from various layers of culture and experience. How these layers represent the developing sense of the people in their search for God is plainly and unforgettably explained.

How to Read the Bible, by Edgar J. Goodspeed (Winston, \$2.50). The Bible is a library, a rich treasury of human and divine experience. It is to be opened by certain keys—the appreciation of literature, the understanding of history, and above all the evaluation of a religious message needed by the world. A great teacher describes the needed keys.

Understanding the Old Testament, by Bernhard W. Anderson (Prentice-Hall, \$8.35). A lover of the Bible, who is also a teacher of theology, draws on the evidence of historical research and archaeological discovery to bring the reader close to the “people of God,” but most of all he relies on the biblical record itself. He recreates the stirring drama of Israel’s faith, always subordinating personalities to the whole people.

Understanding the Bible, by Howard Clark Kee and Franklin W. Young (Prentice-Hall, \$8.35). In direct, non-technical language the authors tell the moving story of the emergence, expansion, and maturing of the Christian community. The faith that motivated it is shown here. The New Testament is seen in the actual life situation of this Christian community.

The Bible and You, by Edward P. Blair (Abingdon, \$2). Intensely personal, this book shows how the Bible fails to answer questions on science, philosophy, history, and psychology, but focuses attention on far more important questions concerning religious experience. It brings us Christ and sends us forth with the will to live redemptively.

on America’s frontier the rejuvenating “forces dominating American character.” I’ve long thought Turner is largely right. And I still do after reading the slashing attack of **Arthur Moore** in *The Frontier Mind*, a Cultural Analysis of the Kentucky Frontiersman (University of Kentucky Press, \$5).

Dr. Moore writes learnedly. But his proofs seem to be bits—evidences of rowdiness, for example—selected to prove his distaste for Turnerism. And I’m quite sure in his zeal to play up excesses of revival meetings he discounts too heavily the civilizing role of churches and ministers who rode their circuits, saddlebags abulge with books.

After 1,800 years of wandering, the Jewish people are coming home to the Promised Land; at the end of 1957, Israel’s population already numbered nearly 2 million.

What is happening in this vigorous new nation is vividly pictured in *Israel* (Doubleday, \$10), a volume of 150 color and black-and-white photos edited by **Abe Harman** and **Yigael Yadin** and beautifully printed in the Netherlands.

Bible scholars will be interested in seeing the River Jordan, flowing as quietly as it did in Bible times, sheep on the hills of Galilee, looking as they must have looked to Jesus, and Nazareth lying quietly in the sun as it did 2,000 years ago.

In contrast, the camera shows the modern façade of a new medical center, an electronic computer, a chemical plant in Haifa Bay, and many other faces of the new Israel.

But there is another side to the coin. Nearly 1 million Arabs whose ancestors had lived in Palestine for generations lost their homes to make way for the people of Israel—a particularly ironic circumstance because many of the Jews themselves had been forced to flee their homelands by Nazi persecution.

In *They Are Human Too . . .* (Regnery, \$6.50) Swedish photo-journalist **Per-Olov Anderson** brings the reader face to face with the Arab refugees of the Gaza strip in 130 powerful photographs.

In this narrow bit of old Palestine, refugees are permitted only limited travel from the boundaries of their camps. During the day a few of them put out to sea to fish or to load citrus fruit aboard waiting boats. Others escape the bleak misery of enforced idleness by attending schools conducted by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency or by training themselves for crafts and trades they may never get the chance to practice. [See ‘City’ With No Place to Go, April, page 20.]

The Middle East presents many problems. Much will be written about this area in the next few years.

Everyone needs a few books he can put down without losing his train of thought. One such is *A Book of England* (Collins, \$2.50). It's an anthology compiled by distinguished essayist and critic **Ivor Brown**, who evokes the spirit that is England through poetry and prose, ranging from 16th-century works to today's *Manchester Guardian*—a liberal sampling of British writing over the years.

Why does a man become an explorer? **Bernt Balchen**, sky pioneer who was the first man to pilot a plane over both poles, explains it this way: "I think an explorer does not belong to yesterday only, but also to tomorrow. His importance is in helping shape the future, in pioneering new trails across sea or land or sky that the world will follow."

Come North With Me (Dutton, \$5) is the autobiography of one who has belonged to tomorrow from the time, at 12, he met the great Roald Amundsen and informed him he wanted to grow up to go on an expedition with him.

Go with Amundsen he did—and also with Byrd and Ellsworth, on expeditions to the North and South Poles, and winging across the Atlantic in one of the earliest successful west-to-east transatlantic flights.



Col. Bernt Balchen

But anyone who has thought of Balchen only in terms of those great days of pioneering will find a surprise in reading about his service with the Army Air Force in World War II. It is as exciting as a cloak-and-dagger mystery. When he assisted underground activities in his native Norway, for instance, even his commanding officer didn't know what he was up to. And, fortunately, neither did some old German flying friends when they saw him in neutral Stockholm.

Characteristically, in his last paragraph Balchen remarks, "So I go on to



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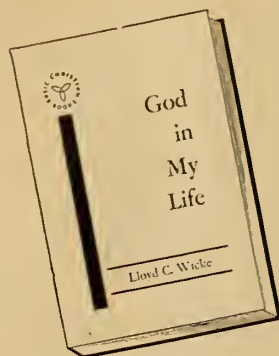
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the next adventure, looking to the future, but always thinking back to the past, remembering my teammates and the lonely places I have seen that no man ever saw before, still hearing the crunch of skis and the howl of Malemutes carrying far away and forever through the thin air."

Here is a true man of tomorrow.

An explorer of a different type, but quite as intrepid, is **Eleanor Roosevelt**. Her field of exploration is people—her goal is to help them get along better together.

On My Own (Harper, \$4) is her intensely individual account of her life since the April morning in 1945 when she left the White House as a widow. It is characteristic of her that she had a plan even then. She wanted to live simply and independently of her children, and she wanted to keep busy.

We see her as a fledgling delegate to the UN. We accompany her to Windsor Castle, where Winston Churchill observes that he doesn't think she approves of him—and she agrees that she probably doesn't, remembering the times when he kept her husband up too late. We share her worry about what she shall wear when she visits the Japanese emperor. With her, we talk in Hong Kong with refugees from Communist China, in Germany with women doctors, in Greece with farmers running an American-made threshing machine. We even go with her to the Kremlin for a meeting with Khrushchev. When he concludes by asking, "Can I tell our papers that we have had a friendly conversation?" she answers, "You can say that we had a friendly conversation but that we differ."

This is an extraordinary book—by an extraordinary human being.

The Faith of a Methodist (Epworth Press, \$2) by **Eric Baker** is a slim volume in which the London secretary and 1959 president-designate of the British Methodist Conference expresses his belief that the hope for the world lies not so much in the conferences of statesmen as in the emergence of a world church.

Nevertheless, he writes, "I can think of nothing more disastrous than that the various Protestant Churches should shed the distinctive elements in their traditions and become merged into a kind of amorphous mass."

Dr. Baker, who sees Wesley's doctrine of "Christian perfection" as the central theme of a new evangelical movement, examines several of the great doctrines of Methodism in the light of this emphasis.

Written by a Methodist for Methodists, this book cannot fail to be of prime importance to scholars and other thinking people.

—BARNABA



Browsing in Fiction

Earl L. Douglass

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,
THE METHODIST CHURCH

SEIDMAN AND SON, by Elick Moll
(Putnam \$3.95).

Some time ago, you may have seen Eddie Cantor in a TV play on *Playhouse 90*. If you did, you may agree with me that Mr. Cantor did a superb job. The play was taken from one of the chapters in this book. For sheer enjoyment I have not read anything in a long time which measured up to it. Mr. Seidman is a Jewish dress manufacturer in New York City and he tells us about his problems with his children, his wife, and his business. I wish I could get every anti-Semite to read it.

The problems fathers face are not greatly different, regardless of race or religion. Young people in love live and move within the boundaries of a common kingdom. It is amazing how long it takes the world to learn this simple lesson. I think this book will help some of the more backward students. But do not think this is a moralizing tale or a sermon coming to you disguised as fiction. It is simply a wonderful story and I recommend it.

TALE OF VALOR, by Vardis Fisher
(Doubleday \$4.95).

A great exploratory chapter in American history was the Lewis and Clark expedition. Commissioned by President Jefferson in spite of much opposition, it traveled from St. Louis to the headwaters of the Missouri River, over the mountains, and down the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean. The company moved through hostile Indian territory; there were grizzly bears, starvation, freezing, and thirst. It is one of the heroic episodes in our history, and now a man who knows the West has written a fictionalized account of it. So far as I have been able to determine, it is quite accurate—and in any case it is a most interesting yarn. I ought to warn you, however, that Indian

morals were different from ours, and male members of the expedition took full advantage of them.

There is no doubt that the Lewis-Clark expedition was a mighty epic in American history. And I can think of no better, more exciting way to catch its true flavor than by reading this novel. It makes a fellow ashamed that he has complained because his plane was a few minutes late.

HOUSE OF MANY ROOMS, by Robin White
(Harper's \$3.50).

Let me recommend this collection of experiences suffered by a missionary family in India. The book came to me as a complete surprise and I write of it with real appreciation. It is not what is usually referred to as "a missionary story" but a description of a most interesting and amusing family dedicated to Christian work. I am not sure that anyone will want to increase his giving to World Service because he reads this, but I do not think many who read it will forget the father, the mother, and the children of this missionary household. For, believe it or not, missionaries are wonderful people and just about as human as you are.

A SUMMER PLACE, by Sloan Wilson
(Simon & Schuster \$4.50).

I picked this one up because I remembered *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*. It was a mistake. I must go back to my conviction that you cannot write much of a book based on people with no great convictions. I do not mean to imply that the heroes and the heroines always have to be extraordinary people, but they must not be people without some great longings.

I saw nothing in this book but a shopworn plot and a general atmosphere of triviality. Maybe Mr. Wilson just became careless.

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*If I had been at Bethlehem
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And welcome him to earth.*

*If I had been a shepherd
With a flock of woolly sheep,
He could have had my softest lamb
To help him get to sleep.*

*If I had been an angel
With wings and halo bright,
I would have sung a song for him—
Most likely, Silent Night.*

*If I had been a Wise Man
Who had come from distant lands,
He could have pet my camel
With his tiny, tiny hands.*

*And if I'd been a little star
I would have been so proud,
I think I would have felt inclined
To twinkle right out loud!*

—RUTH ADAMS MURRAY



Christmas Song

*Why do the bells of Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?*

*Once a lovely, shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.*

*There a darling baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sang and smiled:
"This is Christ, the holy Child."*

*Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.*

—EUGENE FILLD (1850-1895)



Dear God . . . I am very glad you thought of sending Jesus to earth. It's fun to celebrate his birthday every year by giving presents and singing carols and having Christmas trees. And I like to hear the story about how Jesus was born in a

manger and how shepherds and Wise Men came to see him, even though he was just a little baby. I hope children everywhere might someday hear the story and learn about Jesus. Thank you, God, for Christmas . . . Amen.

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A Message from Dr. Ethel Percy Andrus

President of AARP

"When we retire, the kind of insurance that helps pay medical bills generally ceases—even the group coverage we took for granted does not long survive our employment. But doctors and hospitals still have to be paid. Where will the money come from to pay these bills, that good sense tells us are almost bound to come sooner or later?

"The lack of funds to pay pressing medical bills goes deeper than the amount of money it calls for; it can really affect the comfort of retirement living, bring a sense of insecurity to what should be our

peace of mind in our peaceful years.

"So this invitation to your continued security in retirement is an invitation to join a service which will play an important and comforting part, by supplying you with money to help pay your medical costs when you need it most.

"It is an invitation for you to join the Group Insurance Plan for hospital and surgical benefits that you, as a member of the American Association of Retired Persons, are fully entitled to, and which you cannot be denied."

sons are insured under plans made available to members of the American Association of Retired Persons, National Retired Teachers Association and the National Association of Retired Civil Employees. Now YOU may become a member of your own association . . . AARP, and as a member, enroll in a similar group hospitalization plan.

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A. Yes, you are covered for pre-existing conditions and there are no waiting periods, except during the first year that your Certificate is in force, it does not pay benefits for any condition for which you were *hospitalized* during the *immediately preceding 12 months*.

Q. *What are the exceptions to the coverage?*

A. Illness or injuries caused by war or those covered by Workmen's Compensation or Occupational Disease Law; confinement in any VA or government owned or operated hospital.

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I Collect Madonnas

By DOROTHY H. WETZEL



COLLECTING MADONNA figurines is not a common hobby. Maybe that's one reason for the many memorable experiences I've enjoyed while following it. But of them all, I think I'll always remember best the time when, not long after I began my collection, I visited a woman's group in a church where I was a stranger. One member, not knowing of my hobby, drew me aside before the meeting to ask my opinion of the worship center she had arranged. Somewhat hesitantly, she led me to a table on which stood a stark-white ceramic madonna against a blue-velvet background.

The beauty of the display left me speechless. Then, after my first surprise had worn off, I learned that this woman, too, had long admired madonna art. She was pleased to hear that I had begun a modest collection of the figurines. I was reassured to find someone else who shared my growing interest in madonnas.

Let me hasten to disassociate myself from what, I am sure, most Protestants believe is a misunderstanding and a misuse of art that has grown up about Mary, whose first-born child was Jesus. The theological word for it is "Mariolatry." Scholars have traced it back to the ancient city of Ephesus, in modern Turkey, where the Virgin Mary's first church was dedicated and where many residents believed Mary to have been buried. There, in the pre-Christian era, a great temple—one of the seven wonders of the ancient world—was built to house the image of a pagan mother-god. With the coming of Christianity, however, this Ephesian cult of Artemis (in Roman times, the goddess Diana) gave way to veneration or worship of Mary, as the mother of God. If you are interested, I refer you to the article, *Timeless Home of the Mother Goddess*, in the first issue of the new magazine, *Horizon*.

The person Mary, as we know her from the New Testament, has inspired artists through the centuries. Admiration of their work led me to begin my collection of figurines. But collecting was only the beginning. In becoming better acquainted with religious art, I found also that I was gaining a deeper knowledge of Christianity. Doors to a wealth of

Set off with evergreen and a red rose, this highly glazed ceramic copy of a Hummel madonna is one of the author's favorite figurines.

little-known tradition and symbolism opened to me. My once-casual interest in figurines became a full-fledged hobby.

But one can be inspired by a madonna figurine without years of study and collection. I remember especially the Gold Star Mother who, gazing silently at one of my figurines, said simply: "She knows what it means to lose a son because people hate." And I recall the many children who, when visiting my home, have looked long and reverently upon the figurines I display there the year around.

MANY people, even those with only a casual interest, know that the Madonna has universal significance as a symbol of motherhood. [See *Madonna Festival*, April, page 35.] This is easy to understand, for the first Christmas began with a mother and her newborn child in a manger. Persecuted early Christians, wanting visual expression of this wondrous event, drew probably the first interpretations of it in the catacombs of ancient Rome. But not until Christianity began to flourish openly did artists—even those who weren't Christians—discover the Madonna as a challenging and beautiful subject.

Most early portraits of the Madonna were stiff, formal, and unimaginative, largely because of a style Byzantine painters had established. But Renaissance artists such as Raphael—who devoted his entire career to madonna art and painted the renowned *Sistine Madonna*—gave Mary warmer, more human qualities, often showing her protectively holding her child. And probably the greatest madonna sculpture, of which Michelangelo's *Medici Madonna* is a famous example, also was produced in that era.

Discovery of this rich vein of history came only after my serious interest in madonnas was aroused. Actually, my admiration of them had begun long before. Often my heart had quickened as I saw sunlight or shadow framing a madonna figurine. But not until the Christmas that a good friend gave me a ceramic madonna in a basket, framed beautifully with galax leaves and angel's hair, did my occasional desire to have a figurine become an active hobby interest. I resolved to learn more about the Madonna in art.

As I probed libraries, art galleries, and such books as the authoritative, well-illustrated *The World's Great Madonnas*, by Cynthia Pearl Maus (Harper, \$5.95), I became convinced that the Madonna belongs to all who accept her as representing purity of thought, peace of soul, the honor of womanhood, and the glory of Christ's birth. At the same time, I discovered a wealth of tradition and symbolism concerning the Madonna. Notice the color of her clothing. Stark white sometimes is used to represent purity, although the long-sleeved red tunic and blue cloak usually are accepted as traditional. Other colors have meaning, too—the sorrowing violets and grays, for example, which Mary wore after the Crucifixion. And some figurines have tiny triangular patterns in the clothing, symbolizing the Holy Trinity.

One of my madonnas, a Hummel figure, has Mary standing on a globe, much like the woman mentioned in Revelation who was "clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of 12 stars." Crowns and halos for some madonnas are styled to emphasize divinity. Others have just a mantle over the head, or a simple wimple around the face, to stress her human qualities.

Madonnas alone are beautiful, of course, but I prefer to display them with other decoration to add contrast, emphasis, or symbolism. A basket, for example, is fine accompaniment for most madonnas. For centuries, baskets have been used to hold infants—possibly even the Christ child—and also wool, harvests from the land, the fish of the sea. A basket reminds me of God's gift of life.

Other decorations are equally meaningful. At Christmas-



Iris spikes frame a hand-sculptured madonna and child, accented with a five-pointed milkweed pod to signify, at Christmas, the Star of Bethlehem.

time, a five-pointed star or five-petaled flower can represent the Star of Bethlehem, and the poinsettia takes on special significance as the Christmas Eve flower of Mexico. All of these add significance to a madonna display.

Two legends about roses, however, make them favorites of mine for Christmas display with my figurines. The Rose of Jericho story tells us that this flower grew in Mary's footsteps the night of the holy birth. The other story is about the poor shepherdess who wept with distress because she had no gift when she visited the manger. But, the legend says, as each tear fell to the ground a rose blossomed under it. Joyfully, she gathered a bouquet for the King of Kings.

IN my collection I have madonnas fashioned of many materials—plastic, clay, glass, wood, and ivory, to mention the commonest—so it is easy to find one to fit the décor of any room. And it's surprising how many, of various sizes, shapes, and values, are available. A few of mine are expensive imports; others I'm fond of are from dime stores.

My collection isn't worth much in dollars and cents. But even if it were, much more important would be its intrinsic value. I treasure each of my madonnas as a reminder of the love of the friend who offered it as a gift, or because it has inspired a deeper reverence. One, which I sculptured and glazed myself, probably is of little interest to anyone else (a friend jokingly calls it my "Neanderthal woman"!) yet I cherish it because it has special meaning for me.

Just look into the face of a madonna. No matter what artist has fashioned her, the same inspiration is there. But you must seek it. As someone told me, "I think we must *feel* about a madonna as you do, rather than try to explain her."

You'll understand what she meant if you display a madonna figurine in your home at any time, but especially at Christmas. And how much closer to the true spirit of Christmas it will be than is Santa Claus, so often most prominent in holiday decorations!

What the audience never sees: a Mount Vernon pastor joins the troupe in a circle backstage for a few quiet moments of prayer before curtain time.



At Washington: Grease Paint



This down-town, six-columned Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church is home to the Players.

WASHINGTONIANS who enjoy good plays skillfully acted don't depend altogether on downtown theaters. They can see them in the basement of the white-pillared Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church—and they've been doing it for 22 years!

Actors are amateurs. Many work for Uncle Sam, but often housewives or businessmen tread the boards. Most are in their 20s, but if a cast calls for bald-headed babies or gray-haired oldsters, they are available. Many are Methodists, but some are not, for the Mount Vernon Players are now a community institution.

It started in the dull pre-war days of 1936. Pageants had lost their appeal for a coterie of histrionic-minded young Methodists, so they started staging theater plays. With pastoral encouragement and support from the congregation, the group developed into one of America's most noteworthy little theater organizations. So solid is the Players' reputation they conduct a workshop each summer. Then during the winter they produce four full-length dramas and send out a traveling troupe to present one-act plays.

Of the four big productions, one has family interests, one a religious theme, the third is a mystery, and the fourth is special. Each has approval of a committee.

Each night before they don grease paint and costumes, the Players enjoy the fellowship of prayer, led by one of the Mount Vernon pastors. Some members join the drama club for the service they can give the church; others find pleasure and occupation in membership, and some aspire to Broadway. All act, design sets, do other chores. The star of one production may have only a walk-on part next time, and later be a stagehand.

Financing? The Players get their cue from their church. Though seats are reserved, there's no admission charge. Between acts they take up a collection!



Preparing publicity for The Late Christopher Bean is part of Actress Charlotte Blevins' job. Here she tucks up a poster which she helped to draw.



nd Prayer



Who is to act? Decisions are a responsibility of Director Thomas Littleton, shown here interviewing a hopeful and comely applicant for a new production.



Eyebrows and lashes need touching up before John Werner is ready to go on. Pretty Anne McLaughlin does the job for him—and John does not demur.

Players are often their own best critics, believes Director Littleton. They listen carefully as fellow actors read their lines at the frequent and informal rehearsals.



Floyd Lancaster and Jean Callovini in a tender scene from The Valiant by Holworthy Hall and Robert Middlemass. It was given 20 times on tour.



Here's Arnold Winkelman, registering anger as he learns his peasant's role in Joan of Lorraine, the historic play about Joan of Arc, French heroine.

Rehearsals for The Late Christopher Bean are over—and the play is on the boards. Note heads of spectators silhouetted in the foreground as they watch a climactic moment near the end of the play.



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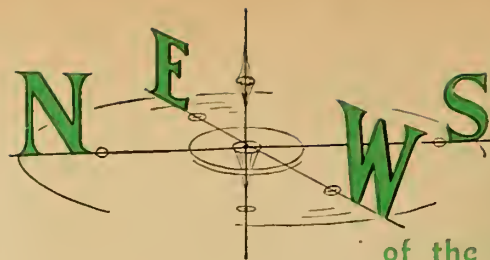
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SOVIETS WOULD USE, NOT ABUSE RELIGION

"Communist efforts to stamp out religion have failed, and currently the Russian government is seeking to use rather than abuse religion."

This was the conclusion of the Rev. T. Otto Nall, editor of *The New Christian Advocate* and contributing editor of *TOGETHER*, as he reported on a visit to Leningrad, Moscow, and other cities in Russia. Interest in religion, as reflected in the number of churches and church attendance, he said, is still below what it was at the time of the revolution, but there are six times as many churches as 20 years ago and others are being reopened.

"During my week in Russia," he said, "I went to church more often than in a month in the U.S. Churches not only have Sunday-evening services; they have services every weekday evening as well. And all services are crowded beyond the doors, to the sidewalks outside."

The Russian Orthodox Church, Dr. Nall pointed out, is dominant, with 41 churches in Moscow (about 400 before the revolution) and 17 in Leningrad, and between 25 and 30 million members throughout the Soviet Union. There are some 530,000 Baptists (the government forced the union of several groups, including a few Methodists, in 1944), in 5,200 churches. Some 50,000 Mennonites are scattered, and so are 25,000 Adventists in 300 congregations. Roman Catholics number about 5,000, including a thriving Moscow church that grew from an average attendance of 150 in 1949 to 1,000 in 1958. In addition to these Christians there are several thousand Jews and several million Moslems.

"It still is not socially, or politically, or even economically popular to go to church," Dr. Nall said, "but great numbers, including many young people, are finding churchgoing helpful. The whole trend is in the direction of growing church attendance."

The change in the official attitude toward religion has not come overnight, Dr. Nall observed.

"Calling it 'softened' is hardly accurate," he continued, "although Khrushchev did rebuke his fellow Communists for ridiculing the clergy and said that no Soviet citizen was to be disadvantaged because of his belief or

disbelief in religion. What the government has done is to redirect its campaign to make the State, undeniably and unquestionably, the master of the Church."

Debates Top Issues on TV

A fiery Methodist district superintendent is making a name for himself as a TV panelist. The Rev. Ira B. Allen of Detroit Lakes, Minn., is a founder and star of the American Religious Town Hall Meeting, originated in Minneapolis and now on 70 stations.

Mr. Allen thrashes out religious, social, and political questions with leaders of other denominations and faiths in the half-hour programs, aimed at establishing broad concepts of civil and religious freedom. A high spot came with this fall's special series of 16 discussions filmed for TV distribution at Independence Hall, Philadelphia. They centered on guarantees of the Constitution and Bill of Rights.

In the discussion on schools, Mr. Allen told a Roman Catholic priest "There are grave doubts as to whether parochial schools are consistent with democratic principles; they foster religious segregation and intolerance."

He clashed sharply with upholder of peaceful coexistence with Communism: "If I were a prisoner behind the Iron Curtain, I'd be expecting the free world to help get me out."



Ira B. Allen: fiery debater in the East

Ohioans Look Ahead 10 Years

Ohio Methodists have approved 103 recommendations to help the church meet the economic, social, and religious changes expected in the next decade.

Begun in 1956, the Ohio Area study probed population changes, cultural trends, economic shifts, and community-life variations over a 10-year period and determined their effect on the church. The study is the first of its kind made by Methodists in this country.

Typical findings:

- Ohio's population has increased more than 1 million in six years, but Methodists can count only one out of each 16 persons now, compared to one out of 12 in 1940.

- People are leaving the farm, Methodist stronghold of the past.

- Eighteen out of 1,952 churches have fewer than 10 members, 286 less than 50, and 31 failed to report any membership.

- All Area recruits for the ministry in the last 10 years have come from 470 churches.

Planning ahead for the next 10 years Buckeye Methodists, among other things, will try to:

- Organize 75 new congregations and get a minimum of 9,000 members a year.

- Merge or relocate churches where membership is decreasing or the church program is ineffective.

- Encourage young people to commit themselves to the ministry so that 123 new ministers can be added annually.

Korea Honors Bishop Raines

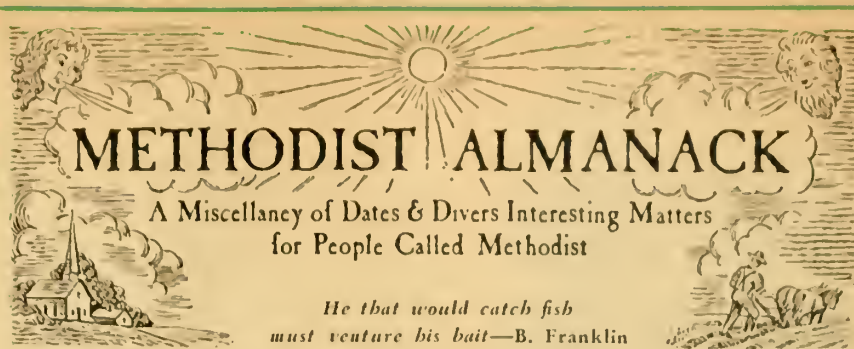
Bishop Richard C. Raines of Indianapolis was awarded the Korean government's Cultural Honor Medal by President Syngman Rhee at the Korean Methodist Church's General Conference, meeting in Seoul.

President Rhee read the citation, which said the award was given in recognition of Bishop Raines' "many significant contributions to the Korean church and the Korean people." The bishop, president of the Board of Missions' Division of World Missions, was on his sixth trip to Korea representing the Council of Bishops.

Want Closer College Ties

Methodist leaders are working for stronger ties between the church and its 107 related colleges and universities. Recently, they hailed the completion of a \$2 million church-college project in Albion, Mich.

The new \$1.3-million, 1,450-seat Goodrich Chapel will serve Albion College during the week and Albion's First Church on Sundays. The building occupies nearly a city block on the campus. An adjoining block is taken



DECEMBER hath XXXI days

12th Month

'Most all the time, the whole year round
there ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas
I'm as good as I can be.—Eugene Field

- 1 M Flagmaker Betsy Ross b., 1752
- 2 Tu *What is well done is done soon enough*
- 3 W Illinois is 140 years old today
- 4 Th W. Penn's "First Treaty Never Broken," 1682
- 5 Fr Phi Beta Kappa founded, 1776
- 6 Sa First sermon in New England, 1621
- 7 S Commitment Sunday
- 8 M Birth of Horace, 65 B.C.
- 9 Tu Fremont arrives at Sutter's Fort, Calif., 1845
- 10 W *Waste not fresh tears over old griefs*
- 11 Th Bishop Francis Asbury preaches
at decaying Jamestown, Va., 1782
- 12 Fr Form 1st Bible Society in U.S., 1808
- 13 Sa Meth. College and Univ. Ministers meet
- 14 S Universal Bible Sunday
- 15 M Methodist Exec. Sec'y's. meet, Nashville
- 16 Tu Pass Civil Service Act, 1883
- 17 W 12-second flight at Kitty Hawk, 1903
- 18 Th *Today is yesterday's pupil*
- 19 Fr Wreck of the Hesperus, 1839
- 20 Sa Missouri taxes bachelors \$1 year, 1820
- 21 S "Pilgrims and strangers upon the earth"
end voyage; sign Mayflower compact
- 22 M J. Caesar devises 365-day calendar, 46 B.C.
- 23 Tu *The wise understand half a word*
- 24 W "Silent Night" first heard, 1818
- 25 Th *When they had heard the king they
went their way; and lo, the star
which they had seen in the East went
before them, till it came to rest over
the place where the child was.—
Matthew 2:9*
- 26 Fr Garrett Biblical Institute planned
at Chicago 1st Methodist Church, 1853
- 27 Sa Bishop Asbury ordained by Dr. Coke, 1784
- 28 S Student Recognition Day
- 29 M *Remember our feathered friends*
- 30 Tu John Wycliffe d., 1384, aged 60
- 31 W J. Wesley originates watch-night
services among Kingswood miners, 1740

■ Franz Gruber gave music as a Christmas present to Joseph Mohr, who wrote words. Sung first in Salzburg, Austria, to guitar accompaniment.

Keep what you've got:
the ills that we know
are the best.

■ "I designed to watch with them on Friday nearest the full moon, that we might have light thither and back again . . . abundance of people came . . . we continued till a little beyond the noon of night . . . wrestling with God in prayer." One James Rodgers, repenting of alehouse revels, destroyed his fiddle and led prayers. Meetings were held at Kingswood, Bristol, London, and Newcastle. In starting watch-night rites, Wesley was influenced by similar meetings among the Moravians, much like the vigils of early Christians. For these meetings Charles Wesley wrote such hymns as "Oft We Have Passed the Guilty Night." Methodism flourished at Kingswood, still has a school there. [See Floyd Johnson's water color, July, page 36.]

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then, they say no spirit can walk abroad,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
—Shakespeare



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up by the new \$650,000 First Church education buildings. Connecting them and the chapel is another unit, underwritten by the Detroit and Michigan Methodist conferences.

At dedication ceremonies, more such projects were proposed by Dr. John O. Gross, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Education's Division of Educational Institutions. "The college linked with the church stands as . . . a place where there is freedom of search and hospitality to new ideas," he said.

He suggested the church take the initiative in moving closer to these universities: American, Washington, D.C.; Boston, Boston, Mass.; Duke, Durham, N.C.; Emory, Atlanta, Ga.; Northwestern, Evanston, Ill.; Southern Methodist, Dallas, Tex.; Syracuse, Syracuse, N.Y., and Denver, Denver, Colo.

Methodists in Red China

Methodists are still active in Red China, but operating under a system "that mocks any true concept of religious freedom," reports William Worthy, correspondent of *The Baltimore Afro-American* and CBS News, who entered China against the wishes of the U.S. State Department. He found:

- Methodists number 50,000, compared with 60,000 in 1947.
- The highest Methodist concentration is in the Shanghai area and in Fukien province, where Methodists first began work in China.
- The government uses church buildings for political indoctrination meetings, which clergy "voluntarily" attend.

Mr. Worthy describes his attendance at Moore Memorial Methodist Church, Shanghai, in *World Outlook*, Methodist missions magazine. The church was cold, Mr. Worthy declared, because the government had not allotted fuel to it, but otherwise the building was in good condition.

Study Church Education

Several vital areas in church-school education are under joint study of the Methodist Publishing House and the Board of Education's Editorial and Local Church Divisions. Under consideration are:

- What church leaders expect from curriculum materials.
- What pupils are learning.
- Educational procedures to follow.
- Best promotional procedures.

One study has resulted in plans for a music magazine scheduled to start in October, 1959. Another brought forth a new format for *Classmate* magazine. Others will deal with Sunday-evening activities and fellowship, and in audio-visual aids.



Albion's new \$1.3-million college chapel.

Apathy in Europe

Despite a "remarkable depth of commitment" among Methodist laymen in Europe, a notable lack of vitality is reported in state churches there.

Dr. Robert Mayfield, Board of Lay Activities general secretary, had six weeks' intensive contacts with churchmen and laymen in six countries.

He returned with new appreciation for separation of church and state, he said. He attributed disinterest in Europe's churches to tax support, which discourages sacrificial giving.

This attitude often spills over into the free churches, he observed. Taking their cue from friends in state churches, too many laymen show only lukewarm interest in religion.

Big Year Ahead for Relief

A new wave of refugees to resettle, and new demands for work overseas, are predicted for 1959 by Church World Service, National Council of Churches' relief arm.

CWS is preparing to assist more than 5,000 of 9,500 Dutch nationals from Indonesia expected to enter the U.S. as a result of new immigration legislation passed by Congress. The agency has started new work in Poland and plans to enlarge its program in India, Malaya, Chile, Haiti, and the African nations of Ghana, Uganda, and the Belgian Congo.

In recent weeks CWS has rushed emergency aid to victims of drought in Brazil, floods in Chile, Poland, West Pakistan, and Korea, and Typhoon Winnie on Formosa.

Search Vital Areas of Thought

The Methodist Board of Social and Economic Relations now has under way searching analyses of three important areas: a study of Methodist thought and action, the church's role in race relations, and inquiry into Christianity and Communism.

Making use of \$75,000 in Fund for

the Republic grants, the Board has spaded up some revealing facts. The Board consists of 26 laymen, 13 ministers and six bishops, with A. Dudley Ward as general secretary.

Initial effort in race relations produced 17 interracial conferences throughout the U.S. and in many areas tipped the scales for specific accomplishments in understanding.

A panel of Boston University theologians was selected to delve into Methodism's history of social thought and action. It will go to the church's own writings, interview experts in appropriate fields, and study the work of ministers and laymen. Methodism as a means of social expression, its pioneering in social matters, and its work with other religious groups will be probed.

Pilot study of Christianity and Communism has been made at Southern Methodist University by professors from Perkins and other seminaries and universities.

Integration in the News . . .

As the USA faces up to practical implications of the Supreme Court's school-integration decision, the legal and political controversy it aroused has its repercussions within church circles.

Many Methodist ministers have joined with other Protestant clergymen in pleading for an orderly approach to problems of racial understanding and tolerance. In rebuttal, some segregationist churchmen in cities where the situation is acute have taken newspaper ads to chide them for "their alacrity to confess sins—of others."

Little Rock, Ark., continues to be a focal point in the controversy. Methodist Bishop Paul E. Martin, whose headquarters are in the city, is among the high-ranking clerics who urge the reopening of public schools in accordance with the Supreme Court decision. The Rev. J. Kenneth Shamblin, pastor of the Pulaski Heights Methodist



Angie Evans: "We think it only fair."

Church, commenting on the recent referendum on whether to reopen schools, warned against "destruction of public education."

In Van Buren, Ark., 15-year-old Methodist Angie Evans, high-school student council president, spoke up at a public meeting. "We think it is only fair," said she, "that the Negroes be permitted to attend this high school. . . . Have you thought what you make these Negro children feel like, running them out of school?" Some newspaper correspondents thereafter referred to her as the "Ozark Joan of Arc."

At Little Rock, an official group of Methodist laymen has indicated opposition to desegregation within the church. The 1956 General Conference put integration on a voluntary basis by churches and set up a commission to study the problem. [See July, 1957, pages 7 and 66.]

When Gov. Orval Faubus charged that Communists and left wingers had brainwashed Little Rock Presbyterian ministers, five Methodist clergymen were among those who came to their defense. One of them, the Rev. W. W. Gibson, later reported "a few abusive phone calls" but added that most letters and comments expressed appreciation for the stand taken.

At Wilmore, Ky., a midnight shotgun blast followed enrollment of two Negroes at Methodist-supported Asbury Seminary. The board, which voted some time ago to admit Negroes, said the incident was not associated with students there nor at nearby Asbury College.

In Virginia, 66 Protestant ministers—both white and Negro—petitioned Gov. J. Lindsay Almond to open Norfolk's three senior and three junior high schools. They also went on record against using church facilities for temporary schools.

Executives of WSCS—the Woman's Society of Christian Service—have formally asked the 1,800,000 Methodist women to "join together with like-minded groups for compliance with the decision for integration . . . work for integration . . . pray for strength and guidance in the problem."

'Christ's Birthday Cake'

Glitter, lights, and pomp of a Santa Claus Christmas, church leaders warn, often hide for children the meaning of Christ's birth.

Now, in Miami, many church and family observances center on a "Christ's birthday cake," the idea for which sprang from the musings of a housewife as she lay bedridden on a hot July day.

In 1954 Mrs. C. O. Prowse, Jr., pondered her six-year-old son Douglas' bewilderment on the subject, came up with a cake decked with an angel figure, candles, and other symbols. The

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angel represents the shepherds' story and the promise of peace, the stars are the Wise Men's story and message of hope, and the flame is the light of the world.

She composed a poem about Christ's birth, and the singing of a verse of *Silent Night* completed the family celebration.

Mrs. Prowse took her plan to a city commissioner who, happily, bore the name of Randy Christmas, and was told to see the Council of Churches.

The Ministerial Association and 20 churches of five denominations took up the idea and have made it a tradition.

Mrs. Prowse, who has had directions printed for assembling the cake, has had requests for the material from several states.

She is a member of the Tamiami Methodist Church and the daughter of a former missionary.

'Upper Room' Honors Cavert

Local churches are often so preoccupied with their own families they are little aware of their message to the world, Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert told 300 church leaders at the New York banquet honoring him as recipient of the 1958 *Upper Room* citation for outstanding service.

A leader for nearly 40 years in world and national co-operative church movements, he said local and world interests are not "different things," but interpenetrating aspects of the Gospel. Dr. Cavert retired last year as U.S. executive secretary of the World Council of Churches. A Presbyterian minister, he was the first general secretary of the National Council of Churches.

The Upper Room, bimonthly devotional published under direction of the Methodist Board of Evangelism, last year conferred the award on Warner Sallman, Chicago artist whose painting *Head of Christ* was featured in *TOGETHER's* first issue, October, 1956.

'Feeding of the 5,000'

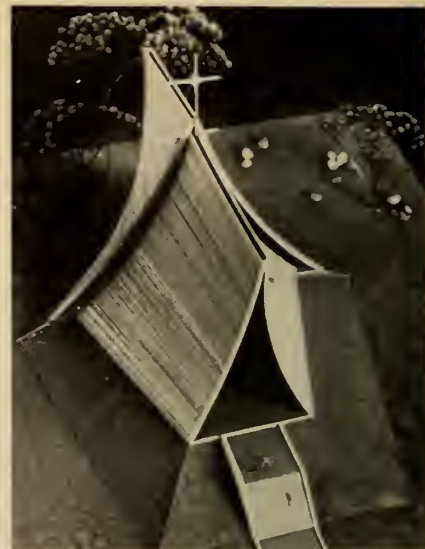
The second annual Methodist Youth Day at DePauw University, known informally as the "feeding of the 5,000," drew more than 5,700 teen-agers this year. The event is co-sponsored by the Methodist Student Movement.

The "Methodist multitude" was fed on the tennis courts with king-sized quantities of food, including 570 pounds of hot dogs.

Study Legal-Religious Strife

Church-state relationships, and obligations of lawyer to client and to his religion, were among thorny conference topics of 226 lawyers, judges, law students, theologians, and seminarians recently at the University of Chicago.

Chairman F. William Stringfellow, who lives and works in a Harlem



Despite war overtones, Formosa is building. Here, a model shows how Tunghai University chapel will look.

tenement section to "share the burdens of other men," said that there "we appreciate how much we have to learn about Christianity and law."

He assailed lack of communication between law and theology, but reported that beginnings toward bringing theology and ethics into law-school curricula have been made at Southern Methodist, New York, and Columbia universities.

To Pledge Alcohol Fight

Methodists will have a chance to pledge their help against alcoholism on Commitment Day, December 7. In their churches, they will receive a unique new check list prepared by the Board of Temperance on which they can pledge to take any of 10 steps, including supporting a local committee on alcoholism, befriending an alcoholic's family, and urging a school principal to heed alcohol education.

Annual Commitment Day is part of Methodism's four-point (education, commitment, rehabilitation, legislation) program for the solution of alcohol problems. For the first time in 12 years, the day will center on one major aspect of the entire issue: alcoholism.

Goodwill Goes Overseas

Goodwill Industries, Methodist-originated program for employment of the handicapped, is going outside the U.S.

Euicho C. Chung will direct the Honolulu office after studying at Goodwill workshops in the U.S. In Mexico City, 50 handicapped persons are employed and in Australia a new building is going up.

A recent Methodist Crusade Scholar from Uruguay studied Goodwill operations here so he could open a workshop in Montevideo.

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3,000 Christian Parents Consider Family Problems

As predicted, approximately 3,000 persons attended the Third National Conference on Family Life in Chicago October 17-19. [See October, page 64.]

Conference leaders, who said the meeting attracted the largest number of "paid delegates" in its history, announced that the final registration figure came within 50 or 60 persons of reaching the 3,000 mark. Every state was represented as well as several foreign countries.

The conference theme—"Faith, Freedom and the Family"—was symbolized by the James Detweiler family of Burbank, Calif., the Methodist Family of the Year. Mr. and Mrs. Detweiler and their children, Douglas, 17, Jeanette, 15, and Richard, 11, were the guests of TOGETHER and were a focal point of the conference. [See cover and pictorial, November, page 14.]

Bishop Hazen G. Werner of the Ohio Area, chairman of the National Committee on Family Life, sounded the keynote of the conference by emphasizing the necessity for freedom within the family, the need for trust, respect, and confidence in each other, and the acceptance of youth as persons worthy of respect and attention.

Nothing the Russians have done has hurt us more than serving as our excuse for not doing what has to be done in advancing a design for a workable world order, Dr. Norman Cousins, editor of *The Saturday Review*, told the parents and church workers. He added that the age of civilized man, which is yet to come, calls for total awareness, total commitment.

The chief of the U.S. Children's Bureau in Washington, Dr. Katherine Brownell Oettinger, declared what is needed now is "a dynamic stability that enables the family to cope with outside forces and the new demands of an industrial society."

Dr. Howard A. Rusk, associate editor of *The New York Times*, pointed out that by the year 2000 the nation will have over 27 million persons 65 years of age or over. He cautioned that plans for caring for the aged can succeed only if the older person in the home "is kept active, and each member of a three-generation household has a sense of being loved, of being used, of personal worth, and of being respected. . . ."

On the closing day, Bishop Nolan B. Harmon of the Charlotte, N.C., Area, speaking of the fatherhood of God and the family, asserted pointedly, "All the minutiae of family life: working mothers; the on-rushing program which is taking us all; the acids of life which are eating away the habits of the home—all these can be overcome and supplanted if in each home there is a

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sense of the overlordship of the divine father."

The final address was delivered by the Rev. Theodore Henry Palmquist of Foundry Methodist Church in Washington, D.C. He stressed the need for harmony and patience, saying, "Every new word of science makes the world smaller, forcing us to understand there must be harmony on earth or we will destroy ourselves."

Heart of the conference was the 30 workshop sessions at which literally hundreds of ideas were exchanged about the multitude of problems facing the family.

Discussion-loaded questions ranged all the way from how to get a five-year-old to bed to the place of the family in solving the problems of war, peace, and Communism.

Recommendations coming out of the discussion groups urged:

- Exploration of the possibility of family worship, using forms suitable to all ages and stages.
- More study by church people of Communism and the resurgent religions, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism. [See *Moslem and Christian Can Be Friends*, November, page 18.]
- Development of leadership courses designed to help with the problems of preparation for in-laws, grandchildren, and old age.

Resolutions adopted favored establishment of regional professional counseling programs on marital problems, total abstinence from all intoxicants and narcotics, support of world law, and the strengthening of the United Nations.

Should Methodists Reorganize?

The 70-member committee studying Methodism's jurisdictional system is scheduled to meet in Philadelphia December 10-11 to further consider its findings before drafting a final report.

The committee met in Cincinnati in mid-October, but decided another session would be necessary before it could begin drafting its report and recommendations. Its final report is scheduled to be released in April.

The Rev. C. Cooper Bell, committee director, reported that sentiment throughout the church is "largely for the maintenance of the jurisdictional system, with the right of jurisdictional programs, election of bishops and general board members."

Mr. Bell added that a majority also would prefer that jurisdictional conferences meet at the same time and place as the General Conference.

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of migratory workers at Lyndonville, N.Y. [See *What's Happening in Sunday School*, October, page 45.]

The venture was undertaken as a project of a state association of churches and Presbyterian Synod of Syracuse, working through the local non-denominational migrant ministry of Orleans County.

The school has been cited as an example of opportunities available in special work by churches among minority groups.

NEWS DIGEST

FIND WESLEY PORTRAIT. A long-lost copy of a John Wesley portrait now in British Methodist headquarters has been discovered by a Board of Missions librarian. It has been placed in the Methodist building's chapel at 150 Fifth Ave., New York City. The copy was made by William Gush from the original, painted by John Jackson in 1827.

MORE ALCOHOLICS. Ministers are ahead of the doctors in recognizing alcoholism as an illness, a physician told a 15-state Methodist temperance meeting at Lake Junaluska. Said Roger Burgess, Board of Temperance staff member, "There are more than 5 million alcoholics and membership of Alcoholics Anonymous numbers only 200,000. This leaves a vast area of human need which the church must serve."

STATE COUNCIL IN N.M. New Mexico is the 41st state to form a state Council of Churches, ending six years of effort by seven denominations. President is Dr. Archer Anderson of United Church, Los Alamos.

HAVEN FOR HOMELESS. A village for homeless foreigners has been started at Spiesen, near Saarbruecken, Germany. It will be named for Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who was invited to attend dedication ceremonies.

PROTECT FROM LIGHTNING. Churches have been urged by the New Hampshire Federation of Historical Societies to put in lightning rods to prevent loss of buildings which cannot be replaced. Several colonial churches have burned in the past two years.

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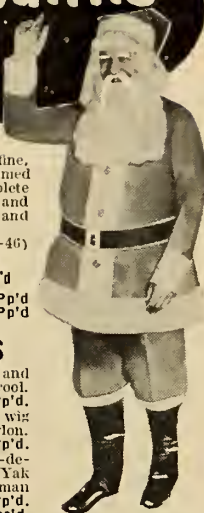
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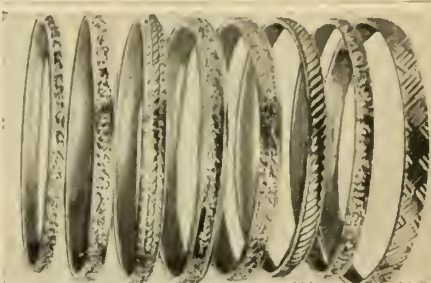


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Lighting the Christmas candle, the A. L. Webb family worships together in the home.

Christmas at Chattanooga

Cutting the tree is a real all-family affair before the Joe Bagwells build their crèche.

AT CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., members of Centenary Methodist Church are reviving some old customs that really put Christian content back into Christmas.

Christians everywhere generally agree that Christ *should* be put back into Christmas. And many of Centenary's 3,000 members decided two years ago to do something about it. Today they are building family traditions while worshipping together in more meaningful observance of the season.

"Christmas is many things," says the pastor, the Rev. C. P. Hardin. "It is the look in a child's eyes, the light of a star shining on a peaceful street, voices raised in glad song, the smell of fresh-cut spruce and cedar."

But most of all, he stresses, Christmas is the birthday of Christ.

As these pictures show, Chattanoogaans sacrifice none of





Singing old hymns and carols is a Christmas tradition at the James Cox home. That's Mr. Cox at the organ keyboard.

Inviting a friend into their home to share Christmas joy has long been a custom with Charles Peacock and his sisters.



the many rich meanings of Christmas when they emphasize family participation in the religious observances. One especially important remembrance is the revival of the old custom of lighting Advent candles on each of the four Sundays before Christmas. This impressive family ceremony, in anticipation of Christ's coming, is accompanied by prayer and the reading of appropriate Scriptures. Members of a family join in singing hymns and carols. Then, on Christmas Eve or morning of Christmas Day, the four candles are joined by the fifth and largest one, which symbolizes the birth of Christ.

At the church, a family festival is held several weeks in advance of Christmas Day. The program includes a demonstration of things families can do together in preparation for Christmas. Tables are assigned to family groups, which demonstrate such things as the decoration of Christmas wrapping paper and the making of tree ornaments, door hangings, and wreaths.

Other activities at the festival include a book display for those interested in previewing and ordering children's books as presents. There's a listening room where records of Christmas music are played, and a "keepsake" table where owners arrange for display the keepsakes that have been of significance in past Christmases.

A worship service and the lighting of the first Advent candles conclude the festival.

"When we join together in lighting the candles," explains the pastor, "we recapture one of the most significant symbols of the coming of Christ. As darkness has harbored the terrors and fears of man, so light has given him hope and faith and understanding."

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King. Amen.

Calling Color Photographers!

TWICE you readers have helped TOGETHER build outstanding color pictorials. Now we're counting on you to do it again.

Your color transparencies were responsible for *The Christian Family at Work, Play, Love, and Worship* last May—a reader-participation feature that's still bringing praise.

Still earlier you shared photos so powerfully portraying the spirit of *America the Beautiful* in August, 1957, that TOGETHER received a George Washington Honor Medal from the Freedoms Foundation.

This time we invite you to put the beloved hymn, *America*, into pictures. Samuel F. Smith wrote the words in 1832. They were set to an 18th-century air—and *America* was probably the first patriotic song you learned. Certainly it was the first one *we* sang.

America is No. 489 in *The Methodist Hymnal*. But you don't have to look it up; the words are above. Read them, think about them, then put your camera to work picturing what they mean to you. Or look among color transparencies you've already taken. You may find you've already made a picture that dramatizes a phrase from this beloved poem.

Either way, let your imagination range as wide as this great land of ours!



Photographer John D. Clinton symbolizes past and future in this lens portrait.

Send us as many transparencies (not prints or the orange-colored negatives from which Kodacolor prints are made) as you wish. We'll pay \$25 for 35-mm slides used, \$35 for larger sizes, all reproduction rights to become the property of TOGETHER. Include return postage, please. We'll use all reasonable care in handling and returning those not used. If convenient, indicate camera, film, lens opening, speed. But be sure we have your transparencies by February 10, 1959. Mail them to:

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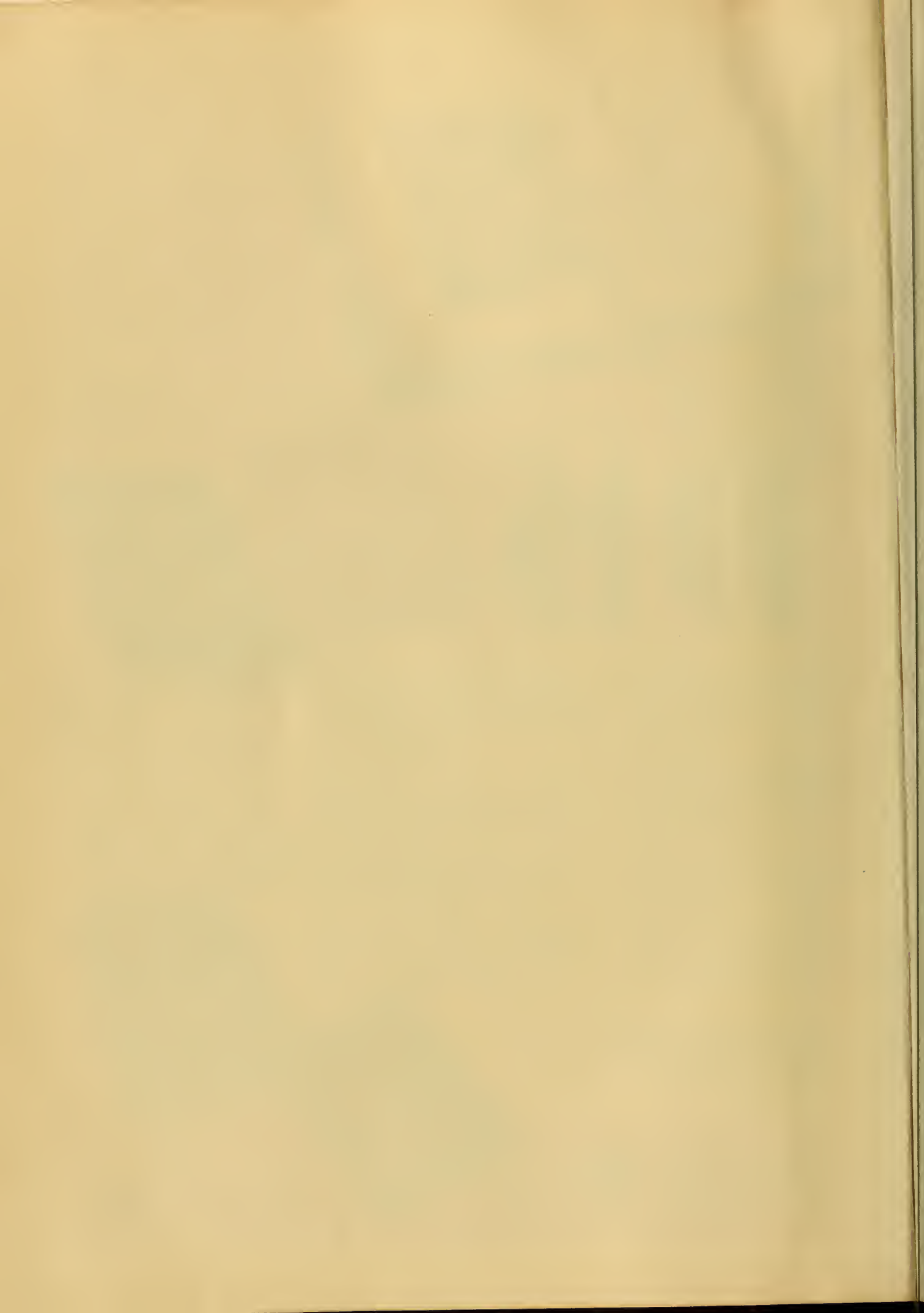
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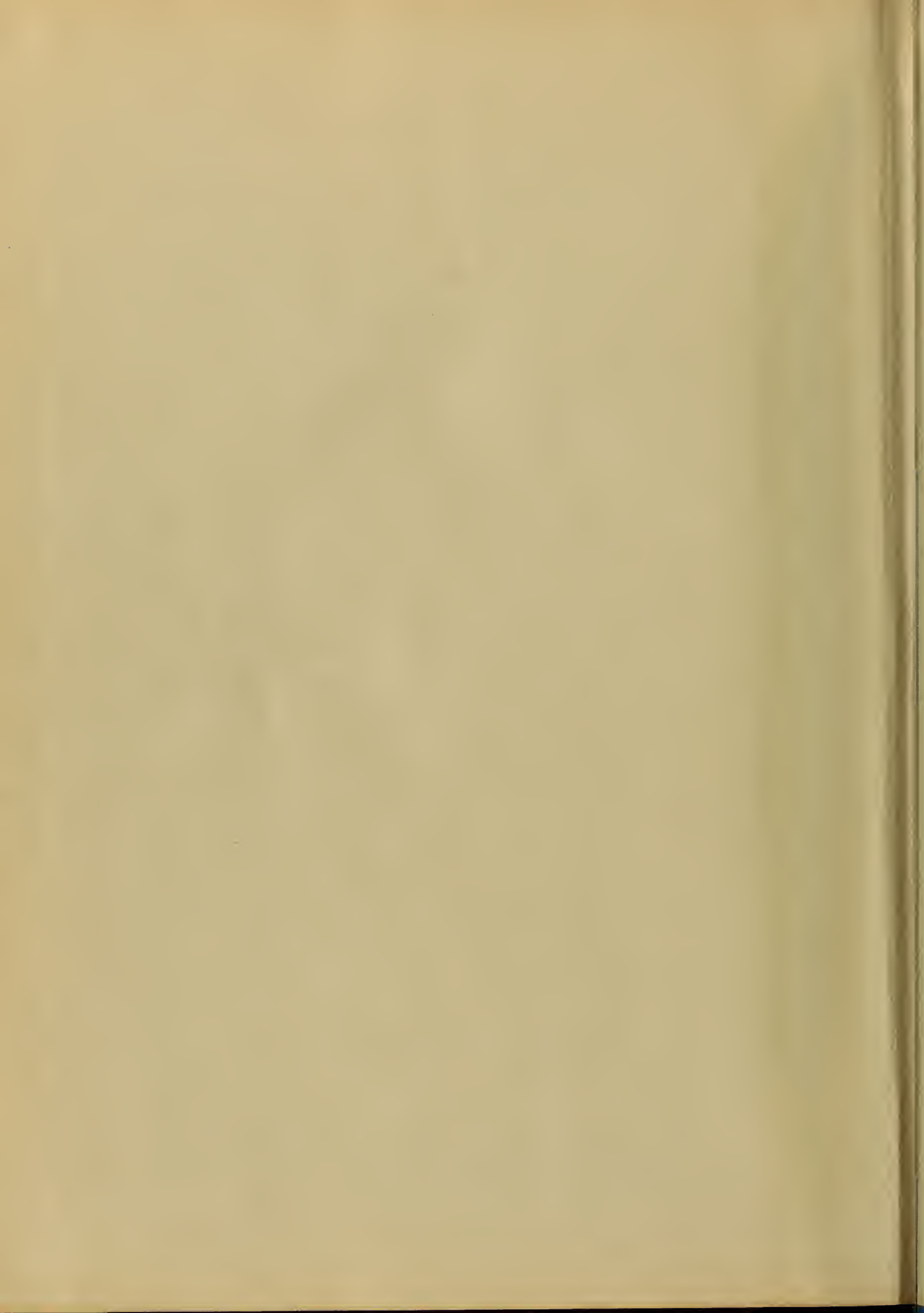
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